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NORTH POLE HAS BEEN DISCOVERED.

Dr. Cook Has at Last Reached the Coveted Goal.

DISCOVERY MADE APRIL 21, 1908.

News Reached this Country Yesterday—It Had Been Feared That the Explorer Had Perished But was a False Conclusion—Great Stir was Caused by News.

Copenhagen, Sept. 1.—Dr. Cook the American explorer, reached the North Pole, April 21st, 1908, according to a telegram just received at the colonial office here.

The message was received from Lerwick, Shetland Islands. Dr. Cook is on board the Danish government steamer Hansegede, which passed Lerwick at noon today enroute for Denmark.

The telegram announcing Dr. Cook's achievement was sent by a Greenland official on board the steamer, and reads as follows:

"We have on board the American traveler, Dr. Cook who reached the North Pole April 21, 1908.—Dr. Cook arrived at Upernivik (the northernmost Danish settlement in Greenland, on an island off the West coast) in May of 1909, from Cape York, (in the northwestern part of Greenland, on Baffin Bay). The Esquimaux of Cape York confirm Dr. Cook's story of his journey."

Paris, Sept. 1.—A Brussels dispatch announces the receipt of a message at the observatory there from Dr. Cook at Lerwick, Shetland Islands, reading:

"Reached North Pole April 21, 1908.

"Discovered land far north.

"Return to Copenhagen by Steamer Hansegede.

(Signed) FREDERICK COOK."

This is sufficient answer to the doubts that were expressed early in the day when the first announcement was given out in Copenhagen.

OPERATED ON FOR APPENDICITIS.

Ward Means Has Been Seriously Ill During the Past Week From This Malady.

Ward Means, the popular Kushequa Ry., conductor, underwent an operation for appendicitis at his home on Green street last Sunday. Mr. Means was stricken Saturday night and Dr. Chadwick was at once summoned and found the patient in a precarious condition from the effects of appendicitis. An operation was deemed advisable and Dr. Kane of Kane was summoned. He came to this place by automobile Sunday and assisted by Drs. Chadwick, McCoy and Ostrander performed the operation. After the operation gangrene set in and chances for Mr. Mean's recovery did not appear very bright. But his condition has taken a turn for the better and is now thought that he is out of danger. The many friends of this gentleman will unite in the hope for his speedy recovery.

HIGH SCHOOL FIELD DAY.

Smethport High School Athletes are Preparing for this Event.

The candidates for various positions on the High School track team which will compete in the High School Field Day at the McKean County Fair this month are diligently training preparatory to that event. There is some good material on hand for this year's team. The young men are being coached by E. T. Newman and J. L. Morrison and all of them are showing fine form with the result that Smethport's chances for coming out victorious this year are exceedingly bright.

At the Fair grounds one day this week Felix Southwick who is trying for the pole vault made a vault of 9 feet. Considering the fact that the world's championship was won on a vault of 12½ feet this is going some for an amateur.

The moral atmosphere at Edinboro is good. No licensed hotel, or saloon, is permitted here. A special law forbids the sale of liquor to students. Fall term begins Sept. 7th. Catalog Free.

John F. Bigler, Principal.

A BOULDER TO BE ERECTED.

The D. A. R. of this County Will Commemorate Col. Brodhead's Expedition.

McKean Chapter D. A. R. is making arrangements to place on the school house square in Smethport, a native rock, boulder form, with bronze tablet, rehearsing the fact that Col. Daniel Brodhead passed through this county over the Kittanning Path in his famous expedition against the Seneca and Munsey Indians in 1779.

In these times of security and peace it is most difficult to appreciate the conditions confronting the dwellers on the frontiers of Pennsylvania in 1779. From the coming of the Susquehanna Company in 1753 there had been strife and warfare. In 1763, the Connecticut settlers suffered the first massacre at Wyoming. In 1769, Forty Fort was erected at Kingston bay by the forty Connecticut men under the command of Kingston Butler. The Pennamite and Yankee war followed. In 1778 the Great Massacre at Wyoming startled the frontier settlers. The Indians robbed, scalped, burned and plundered in all directions and the settlers fled to Sunbury, to New York and Connecticut, others taking refuge in the Pocono Mountains and finally reaching Stroudsburg. The frontiers were one line of bloody massacres. This was the condition when General Washington dispatched General Sullivan on his famous expedition to the Six Nations. General Sullivan's, or the main army, set out from Easton, Penn.; the right wing under General James Clinton started from Schenectady by way of the Mohawk Valley to Canajoharie and from Lake Otsego down the Susquehanna. The left wing, we are inclined to believe, was an independent command under General Brodhead, starting from Fort Pitt and going along and up the Alleghany to a point near Hornell, N. Y. This conclusion we reach after reading the letter sent Col. Brodhead by General Washington, which reads as follows: "Since my last letter and upon a further consideration of the subject, I have relinquished the idea of attempting a co-operation between the troops at Fort Pitt and the bodies moving from other quarters against the Six Nations." He then rehearses the difficulties in the way of such co-operation and adds as his wish, that Col. Brodhead will employ himself as soon as practicable making preparations for such an expedition.

The Brodhead expedition was simultaneous with Sullivan's expedition and left Pittsburg, August 11, 1779, and returned September 14th of the same year and was directed against the Senecas and Munsey Indians. Col. Brodhead in a letter addressed to General Washington gives a history of this invasion, his preparation, route, obstacles and final result. His command consisted of 605 men, rank and file. He had one month's rations, which was taken by water to Mahoning, 15 miles above Fort Armstrong. His route through this county was over the "Kittanning Path."

The D. A. R.'s desire to mark the points within the county that are clearly recognized as the exact route over which Col. Brodhead passed, several of which have been located. They also desire to give opportunity to each man, woman and child to have a personal interest in this preservation of heroic spots. Therefore, September 14th, will be observed as Tag Day. Everyone will have an opportunity to buy a tag; everyone throughout the county will be urged to assist the D. A. R.'s. September 14, 1779, Col. Brodhead returned to Fort Pitt from this expedition; September, 14th, 1909, one hundred and thirty years later, is a tardy recognition of Colonel Brodhead's services to the Alleghany frontier, but its result will stand for all time and tell to future generations the self sacrifice that was enacted here by him and his command.

Prizes for School Work.

There is an excellent chance for several of the school children of McKean county to very easily win anywhere from one to ten dollars at the coming County Fair. Prizes have been offered for writing, drawing, needle work, potatoes, bread, apparatus, herbarium and essays.

The prizes of $5 and $2 for the best essay of 400 to 500 words on "Beautifying School Grounds and Buildings" by a pupil of the county, and $10 and $5 for the best essay of 1000 words on "Township Supervision" by a teacher of the county, should prove especially attractive. For full particulars address the Secretary, Guy H. McCoy, Smethport, Pa.

Horses for Sale.

At Palmer's Livery, 2 Horses for sale including one 1200 pound worker.

A. T. Palmer.

Smethport Pa.

FASSANO HELD ON CHARGE OF MURDER.

Hearing Given Him Before Justice Colegrove on Saturday.

WILL BE TRIED AT OCTOBER TERM.

Evidence Given at Hearing is Similar to that Published Last Week—Preparations Being Made for the Trial—Jones Still at Work on the Case.

Ciriago Fassano, who was arrested on Saturday, August 21, by Detective Jones as a suspect in the murder of Massanti Marcello, near Clermont on the night of August 10, was given a hearing before Justice A. W. Colegrove at his office in the Grange Bank building last Saturday morning. He was charged with the murder of Marcello, and after hearing a part of the testimony he was held for the October term of criminal court, which will convene on Monday, October 4, without bail.

The evidence given at this hearing so closely corresponds with the account given in the last issue of the MINER that there is no need of rehearsing it here. No other important facts were brought out and all of the statements made in our last issue were verified at the hearing.

The case will probably be the first important one for consideration at the October term and will be stubbornly fought out at that time. Attorney Kress of Lock Haven has been retained by the defense and was in attendance at the hearing last Saturday. He will defend Fassano at his trial and, as he is one of the prominent lawyers of Pennsylvania, he will do everything possible for his client.

Detective Jones is still at work on the case, picking up threads of testimony here and there and he expects to have his work in readiness in a few days. Several newspapers in this vicinity have stated that Detective Jones, who has been working on this case, is from one or another large city agency, but such is not the case. E. W. Jones, the well-known liveryman and ex-constable of Smethport is the man who has done the detective work on this case and if the guilty party is brought to justice much of the credit is due to him.

CURTISS WON CUP.

American Aviator Defeated Blerlot by a Margin of Two Seconds.

Glenn H. Curtiss the only American aviator at Bethany, France, last Saturday, won the international aviation cup race, the most important event of aviation week. He covered the two laps of the course, 20 kilometers, or 12 42 miles, in 15 minutes, 50 3-5 seconds. This is at the rate of 47.65 miles an hour. Blerlot, his most formidable competitor, made the distance in fifteen minutes, 58 1-5 seconds. Latham did not start.

Curtiss took advantage of favorable weather condition and after a trial lap which he covered in 7 minutes, 55 1-5 seconds, he made his official record. He did the first lap in 7 minutes, 57 2-5 seconds, and the second in 7 minutes, 58 1-5 seconds. Each lap measures 6,21 miles and Curtiss broke all previous records.

Lefebvre flying in a Wright biplane, also tried for this event, but his time was comparatively slow, being given at 20 minutes, 38 2-5 seconds.

The international cup of aviation is known otherwise as the Gordon-Bennett trophy. It is an object of art valued at $2,500 which goes to the winning club, and $5,000 to the aviator. The course is two laps of the Bethany aerodrome, or 20 kilometers.

Curtiss comes from Hammondsport, N. Y. This is the first time he has flown against formidable competitors. His machine is a biplane.

The French spectators were greatly disappointed that this coveted prize was not won by a Frenchman, but they and thousands of other enthusiasts, including many nationalities, crowded around Curtiss' shed and showered congratulations upon him.

Curtiss' best time for a lap made in competition for the international cup is 7 minutes, 53 1-5 seconds.

Reduced Rates to Olean Fair and Races

Account Olean Fair and Races, P., S. & N. R. R. will sell tickets from Smethport at rate of $1.05 for the round trip. Proportionately low rates from other stations. Tickets good going Sept. 6th to 10th inclusive and valid for return to an including Sept. 11th.

GEORGE SMITH INSTANTLY KILLS AGED FATHER.

Awful Tragedy at Wilcox last Friday Night.

BOY IS NINETEEN YEARS OF AGE.

Fred Smith Was Entering Son's Room, Rifle in Hand When the Boy Used a Shotgun With Deadly Effect — Had Threatened to Kill the Boy.

George Smith, a boy who will not be 19 years of age for another month, who shot and instantly killed his father at their home on Willow Creek, Corydon township last Friday night, is in jail here awaiting trial at the October term of criminal court.

The boy makes a claim of self defense and made no attempt to escape after doing the shooting. He was placed under arrest by Constable Oline and Officer Blake of Bradford a short time after the shooting and was lodged in the woman's department of the Bradford lockup for the night. On the following day he was given a hearing and brought to Smethport that night.

The dead man was upwards of sixty years of age and has not been well for some time past. It is said that he was very irritable at times and grambled with his sons without apparent cause. He was a famous hunter, having killed many bear and deer in the Willow creek valley. He was also one of the best fishermen in that section and hunting and fishing parties from Bradford often visited his home when enjoying that sport. In politics he was very active and at the time of his death was constable of Corydon township.

The following graphic description of events leading up to the crime is taken from the Bradford Sunday Herald:

Mr. Smith and his son Fred had spent the day at Corydon and returned home about five o'clock in the evening. The elder Smith, who since he attended the Bradford races two weeks ago had been ailing, retired at about 7 o'clock; George, the defendant, followed him and the youngest Smith stayed up until 10 o'clock when he retired and fell fast asleep. All were in bed except Mrs. Smith, who remained up to do the remaining chores for the night.

About 20 minutes after the younger Smith, Fred, went to bed, the father and George became involved in a quarrel and both Mrs. Smith and Fred heard the elder Smith exclaim, "I have had enough of your lip and I'll split your head open." Soon after this remark, the report of the discharge from the shot gun was heard and Mr. Smith fell backward from the entrance of his bed room with the blood streaming from an ugly wound in his shoulder. After the threat of the elder Smith, Mrs. Smith heard nothing until the crack of the gun and the only information as to what exactly took place between the father and the defendant son was learned from Fred who saw the shooting.

He testified that as soon as he went to bed he fell asleep but was awakened by hearing his father getting out of bed and exclaiming, "I have had enough of your (meaning George) lip and I will split your head open." There were no lights lit but by the aid of the moon he could see his father approaching from his room toward George. The father occupied one room across the hall from the room occupied by the two boys, who slept in separate beds, George occupying the one near the entrance to the room. The father had the 32 calibre rifle which after the shooting was found to be empty, in his hands and was walking through his room toward their room. He heard George call to his father not to shoot but the father kept coming towards them. George grabbed up the shot gun which stood at the foot of the bed, raised the gun to his shoulder and when his father reached the doorway of his own room the young man pulled the trigger. The elder Smith fell backward into his own room with the blood gushing from the wound. The hallway was very narrow and the victim was not more than five feet away from the muzzle of the gun.

Mrs. Smith, with great emotion, told of the subsequent facts as follows: "I heard George and his father quarreling but paid no attention to them until I heard the gun snap and the little boy call out he had shot him." "Who has he hurt? George?" "No," replied the little boy, "it is father, he is lying on the floor." I rushed down stairs and got a light and some water and poured the water over my husband's face. I could see the blood rushing from my husband's shoulder onto the floor. I sent the little boy after the neighbors. George dressed and went out of doors. I called to him and asked him why he had fired the shot; he said he had to or he shot himself. The doctor and nurse came and after examining him the doctor said he was dead as the shot had gone through the shoulder. I was half way up stairs when the shooting occurred. It was all done in a flash. Mr. Smith had a quick temper and was very irritable since he was sick, since the races at Bradford. He had not been well since he attended them."

Mrs. Smith, her son Fred, and Attorney T. F. Mullin of Bradford were in Smethport Tuesday and the latter appeared before Judge Bouton in habeas corpus proceedings and asked that young Smith be admitted to bail. Facts were set forth which convinced the court that it was a bailable case and the application was granted. $2,000 was fixed as the young man's bail and it will probably be furnished within a few days.

Hogstedt-Benson.

There was a pretty home wedding at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Benson at Colegrove, on Wednesday, August 25th, celebrating the marriage of their daughter, Minnie Christine to Oscar William Hogstedt of La Grange, Ill.

The house and tables were beautifully decorated with asters, ferns and golden glow.

The bride was dressed in an elegant hand embroidered gown of white French linen, with veil, and carried a bouquet of white sweet peas. The bridesmaids were her sister, Miss Tillie Benson and her cousin, Miss Ida Malm, the former was dressed in white and the latter in blue. The groomsmen were Edward Benson a brother, and Hans Hinson an uncle of the bride. Miss Hazel McAllister played the wedding march.

After the ceremony, which was performed at high noon by Rev. J. A. Pernike, pastor of the Colegrove M. E. church, the guests consisting of the immediate relatives and a few invited friends, numbering about forty, were bid to an elaborate wedding dinner consisting of the most inglous and carefully prepared viands of the season.

The bride and groom boarded the 5 p. m. flyer for Buffalo, at Olean, where they had been driven in W. H. Gallup's touring car. After a short stay in that city they will make their permanent home in La Grange, Ill.

Guests from a distance were: Mrs. A. P. Malm and daughters of Warren, Pa., and A. G. Hogstedt, brother of the groom, La Grange.

Miss Benson was one of the most popular and most admired young ladies of Colegrove, with a host of friends who wish her a long and happy voyage on the sea of matrimony.

TAKEN SUDDENLY ILL.

Bert Shooke Suffered Sudden Collapse Tuesday Evening.

Bert Shooke of this place suddenly collapsed while at Brasted's bakery about six o'clock Tuesday evening. He was assisted into Mr. Brasted's automobile and was taken to his home on Bank street. Dr. Clark was summoned and hurriedly responded and found Mr. Shooke in a critical condition. The Dr. rendered necessary medical aid and the patient is now steadily recovering from the effects of the ordeal through which he passed. Mr. Shooke, who travels in the hardware business, has been in poor health during the past summer and has not been able to attend to his duties in the usual manner. About three weeks ago he started on the road and had a bad spell while at Punxsutawney which compelled him to return to his home. On recovering his strength somewhat he started out again and just recently returned. It is the sincere hope of Mr. Shooke's host of friends, that he may fully recover his health.

High Score for Week.

Box Ball Parlor.

Wed., Aug. 25, Leo Paugh	147
Thurs., Aug. 26, Mr. Oviatt	135
Fri., Aug. 27, Leo Paugh	143
Sat. Aug. 28, Leo Paugh	143
Mon., Aug. 30, Al. Kidder	140
Tues., Aug. 31, Louis Dickenson	150

Friday, September 3, Special Ladies' Day, 1 to 7.

Take care of your stomach. Let Kodol digest all the food you eat, for that is what Kodol does. Every teaspoonful of Kodol digests 2½ pounds of food. Try it today. It is guaranteed to relieve you or your money back. Sold by H. C. Wells, Smethport, F. H. Reed, Clermont.

For Sale.

Some second hand furniture at Dr. Pierce's residence, fine condition and dirt cheap, call early.

Buy a Lawn Swing of Holmes & Gilfillan. Best in the market.

PREPARATIONS PROGRESSING FOR BIG FAIR.

The Fair Managers Are Fast Rounding Things Up.

'TWILL BE THE GREATEST EVER.

Secretary McCoy and Assistants Are Busy Every Minute Now—Judges Secured—Rest Room for W. C. T. U.—Interest in High School Contest.

Two weeks from next Tuesday is the first day of the great McKean County Fair & Races and already it has reached the point where it is up to the weather to make it by far the greatest fair ever held in this section of the country. Secretary Guy McCoy is giving every detail his careful attention, with the intention of making everyone who attends this fair feel that he has been doubly repaid for his visit.

This fair follows the Hamburg, Little Valley and Brookville fairs and the Bath fair follows us, which is sufficient assurance, together with the number of applications already made that there will be plenty of good race horses and midway attractions here to suit the most fastidious.

S. J. Whittaker of Bath, N. Y., will act as starting judge for the races and he will also judge the competing horses for premiums. Mr. Whittaker acts this year in the same capacity for Wellsville, Hornell, Bath and Pen Yan. A competent judge of cattle, sheep and swine has been secured from State College. Hay and straw will be furnished free to all exhibitors, despite the statement in the premium list that a reasonable charge would be made for these necessities.

The rest room, maintained by the W. C. T. U. for all who wish a cool drink of water and a cool place to sit down, will be much larger and better than ever before. A large tent has been purchased for this purpose, and the room will be conducted under the management of Mrs. B. W. Heinemann of Colegrove and Mrs. Myra Rice of Coryville.

The High School contests, which made such a hit last year, promise to be much more interesting at this meet. All the schools in the county are making big preparations for this event and better work is promised for all quarters. Another distinct advantage to the spectators is that all these events will be pulled off directly in front of the grand stand thus giving everybody a chance to see them all.

The Kudara Imperial Japanese troupe which will entertain the audience each day between the heats is receiving praise everywhere it goes. The Bangor Commercial says of them:

"This troupe by the way is the best attraction of the sort that has been here in years. They come nearly direct from the New York Hippodrome where they played an engagement of five months. Not only do they perform the most difficult acts given by similar troupes but have others that are done by no other company."

The most wonderful act that of the perch bar in which one performer stands on his head and does many sensational acts at the end of a long pole which is supported on the shoulder of one of his comrades. This act has been seen in this country only in the last two years.

The sale of season tickets has been started and they are going fast. As the number of season tickets to be sold is limited everyone should take time by the forelock and secure a ticket before it is too late. Remember the tickets are only one dollar each and the holder of the lucky ticket will be presented with a new automobile.

The automobile is here and is being shown around the county by those doing the advertising. It is a two cylinder Maxwell of the latest model and is a beauty.

Grand Excursion to St. Marys, Pa.

Labor Day, Monday Sept. 6th, 1909, P., S. & N. R. R. will run their Annual Excursion to St. Marys, Pa. Arrangements have been made for a ball game between The Causeronga Nine and The P., S. & N. Shop Team, both of which clubs have established an enviable record during the present season, and much interest is aroused as to the outcome of the contest. The St. Marys Band will escort the teams to the grounds and render selections during the game. Special train leaves Smethport 10 38 a. m. Returning, train leaves St. Marys 5:00 p. m., after game. For further particulars address any P., S. & N. agent.

Four furnished rooms to let.

Mrs. M. A. Knapp.

BETWEEN ROUNDS.

Rifts In the Clouds That Darkened the House of McCaskey.

By O. HENRY.

[Copyright, 1904, by McClure, Phillips & Co.]

The May moon shone bright upon the private boarding house of Mrs. Murphy. By reference to the almanac a large amount of territory will be discovered upon which its rays also fell. Spring was in its heyday, with hay fever soon to follow. The parks were green with new leaves and buyers for the western and southern trade. Flowers and summer resort agents were blowing. The air and answers to

"PIG'S FACE, IS IT?" SAID MRS. MCCASKEY.

Lawson were growing fuller. Hand organs, fountains and penuchle were playing everywhere.

The windows of Mrs. Murphy's boarding house were open. A group of boarders were seated on the high stoop upon cranes, fat hints like German pancakes.

In one of the second floor front windows Mrs. McCaskey awaited her husband. Supper was coming on the table. His beat upon turn Mrs. McCaskey.

At 9 Mr. McCaskey came. He carried his coat on his arm and his pipe in his teeth, and he apologized for disturbing the boarders on the steps as he selected spots of stone between them on which to set his size 9, width D.

As he opened the door of his room he received a surprise. Instead of the usual stove lid or potato masher for him to dodge came only words.

Mr. McCaskey reckoned that the benign May moon had softened the breast of his spouse.

"I heard ye," came the oral substitutes for kitchenware. "Ye can apolygize to riffraff of the streets for sottin' yer unhandy feet on the tails of their frocks, but ye'd walk on the neck of yer wife the length of a clothesline without so much as a 'Kiss me fut,' and I'm sure it's that long from rubberin' out the windy for ye, and the victuals cold such as there's money to buy after drinkin' up yer wages at Gallegher's every Saturday ovenin', and the gas man here twice today for his."

"Woman," said Mr. McCaskey, dashing his coat and hat upon a chair, "the noise of ye is an insult to me appetite. When ye run down politeness ye take the mortar from between the bricks of the foundations of society. 'Tis no more than exercisin' the acrimony of a gentleman when ye ask the dissent of ladies blockin' the way for steppin' between them. Will ye bring the pig's face of ye out of the windy and see to the food?"

Mrs. McCaskey arose heavily and went to the stove. There was something in her manner that warned Mr. McCaskey. When the corners of her mouth went down suddenly like a barometer it usually foretold a fall of crockery and tinware.

"Pig's face, is it?" said Mrs. McCaskey and hurled a stewpan full of bacon and turnips at her lord.

Mr. McCaskey was no novice at repartee. He knew what should follow the entree. On the table was a roast sirloin of pork garnished with shamrocks. He retorted with this and drew the appropriate return of a bread pudding in an earthen dish. A hunk of Swiss cheese accurately thrown by her husband struck Mrs. McCaskey below one eye. When she replied with a well aimed coffeepot full of a hot black, semifragrant liquid the battle, according to courses, should have ended.

But Mr. McCaskey was no fifty cent table d'hoter. Let cheap bohemians consider coffee the end if they would. Let them make that faux pas. He was foxier still. Finger bowls were not beyond the compass of his experience. They were not to be had in the Pension Murphy, but their equivalent was at hand. Triumphantly he sent the graniteware wash basin at the head of his matrimonial adversary. Mrs. McCaskey dodged in time. She reached for a flatiron, with which, as a sort of cordial, she hoped to bring the gastronomical duel to a close. But a loud, wailing scream downstairs caused both her and Mr. McCaskey to pause in a sort of involuntary armistice.

On the sidewalk at the corner of the house Policeman Cleary was standing, with one ear upturned, listening to the crash of household utensils.

"'Tis Jawn McCaskey and his missis at it again," meditated the policeman. "I wonder shall I go up and stop the row. I will not. Married folks they are, and few pleasures they have. 'Twill not last long. Sure, they'll have to borrow more dishes to keep it up with."

And just then came the loud scream below stairs, betokening fear or dire extremity. "'Tis probably the cat," said Policeman Cleary and walked hastily in the other direction.

The boarders on the steps were guttered. Mr. Toomey, an insurance solicitor by birth and an investigator by profession, went inside to analyze the scream. He returned with the news that Mrs. Murphy's little boy, Mike, was lost. Following the messenger, out bounced Mrs. Murphy—200 pounds in tears and hysterics, clutching the air and howling to the sky for the loss of thirty pounds of freckles and mischief. Bathos truly, but Mr. Toomey sat down at the side of Miss Purdy, millinery, and their hands came together in sympathy. The two old maids, Misses Walsh, who complained every day about the noise in the halls, inquired immediately if anybody had looked behind the clock.

Major Griggs, who sat by his fat wife on the top step, arose and buttoned his coat. "The little one lost?" he exclaimed. "I will scour the city." His wife never allowed him out after dark. But now she said "Go, Ludovic!" in a baritone voice. "Whoever can look upon that mother's grief without springing to her relief has a heart of stone." "Give me some 30 or 60 cents, my love," said the major. "Lost children sometimes stray far. I may need car fares."

Old man Denny, hall room, fourth floor back, who sat on the lowest step, trying to read a paper by the street lamp, turned over a page to follow up the article about the carpenters' strike. Mrs. Murphy shrieked to the moon. "Oh, mr-r-Mike; for Gawd's sake, where is me little bit av a boy?"

"Won'd ye see him lase?" asked old man Denny, with one eye on the report of the Building Trades league.

"Oh," wailed Mrs. Murphy, "'twas yisterday, or maybe four hours ago! I dunno. But it's lost he is, me little boy Mike. He was playin' on the side-walk only this mornin'—or was it Wednesday? I'm that busy with work 'tis hard to keep up with dates. But I've looked the house over from top to cellar, and it's gone he is. Oh, for the love av hiven"—

Silent, grim, colossal, the big city has ever stood against its revilers. They call it hard as iron; they say that no pulse of pity beats in its bosom; they compare its streets with lonely forests and deserts of lava. But beneath the hard crust of the lobster is found a delectable and luscious food. Perhaps a different simile would have been wiser. Still, nobody should take offense. We would call no one a lobster without good and sufficient claws.

No calamity so touches the common heart of humanity as does the straying of a little child. Its feet are so uncertain and feeble. The ways are so steep and strange.

Major Griggs hurried down to the corner and up the avenue into Billy's place. "Gimme a rye high," he said to the servitor. "Haven't seen a bow legged, dirty faced little devil of a six-year-old lost kid around anywhere, have you?"

Mr. Toomey retained Miss Purdy's hand on the steps. "Think of that dear little babe," said Miss Purdy, "lost from his mother's side, perhaps already fallen beneath the iron hoofs of galloping steeds. Oh, isn't it dreadful?"

"Ain't that right?" agreed Mr. Toomey, squeezing her hand. "Say I start out and help look for 'm?"

"Perhaps," said Miss Purdy, "you should. But, oh, Mr. Toomey, you are so dashing, so reckless. Suppose in your enthusiasm some accident should befall you, then what"—

Old man Denny read on about the arbitration agreement, with one finger on the lines.

In the second floor front Mr. and Mrs. McCaskey came to the window to recover their second wind. Mr. McCaskey was scooping turnips out of his vest with a crooked forefinger, and his lady was wiping an eye that the salt of the roast pork had not benefited. They heard the outcry below and thrust their heads out of the window.

"'Tis little Mike is lost," said Mrs. McCaskey in a hushed voice, "the beautiful little trouble making angel of a gossoon!"

"The bit of a boy mislaid," said Mr. McCaskey, leaning out of the window. "Why, now, that's bad enough, entirely. The childer, they be different. If 'twas a woman I'd be willin', for they leave peace behind 'em when they go."

Disregarding the thrust, Mrs. McCaskey caught her husband's arm.

"Jawn," she said sentimentally, "Missis Murphy's little bye is lost. 'Tis a great city for losing little boys. Six years old he was. Jawn, 'tis the same age our little bye would have been if we had had one six years ago."

"We never did," said Mr. McCaskey, lingering with the fact.

"But if we had, Jawn, think what sorrow, would be in our hearts this night with our little Phelan run away and stolen in the city nowheres at all."

"Ye talk foolishness," said Mr. McCaskey. "'Tis Pat he would be named, after me old father in Antrim."

"Ye lie!" said Mrs. McCaskey, without anger. "Me brother was worth tin dozen bog-trotting McCaskeys. After him would the bye be named." She leaned over the window sill and looked down at the hurrying and bustle below.

"Jawn," said Mrs. McCaskey softly, "I'm sorry I was hasty wid ye."

"'Twas hasty puddin', as ye say," said her husband, "and hurry up turnips and get a move on, ye coffee. 'Twas what ye could call a quick lunch, all right, and tell no lie."

Mrs. McCaskey slipped her arm inside her husband's and took his rough hand in hers.

"Listen at the cryin' of poor Mrs. Murphy," she said. "'Tis an awful thing for a bit of a bye to be lost in this great big city. If 'twas our little Phelan, John, I'd be breakin' me heart."

Awkwardly Mr. McCaskey withdrew his hand. But he laid it around the nearing shoulders of his wife.

"'Tis foolishness, of course," said he roughly, "but I'd be cut up some meself if our little Pat was kidnaped or anything. But there never was any childer for us. Sometimes I've been ugly and hard with ye, Judy. Forget it."

They leaned together and looked down at the heart drama being acted below.

Long they sat thus. Pity surged along the sidewalk, crowding, questioning, filling the air with rumors and inconsequent surmises. Mrs. Murphy plowed back and forth in their midst, like a soft mountain, down which plunged an audible cataract of tears. Couriers came and went.

Loud voices and a renewed uproar were raised in front of the boarding house.

"What's up now, Judy?" asked Mr. McCaskey.

"'Tis Missis Murphy's voice," said Mrs. McCaskey, harkling. "She says she's after finding little Mike asleep behind the roll of old linoleum under the bed in her room."

Mr. McCaskey laughed loudly.

"That's yer Phelan," he shouted sardonically. "Divil a bit would a Pat have done that trick. If the bye we never had is strayed and stole, by the powers, call him Phelan and see him hide out under the bed like a mangy pup."

Mrs. McCaskey arose heavily and went toward the dish closet with the corners of her mouth drawn down.

Policeman Cleary came back around the corner as the crowd dispersed. Surprised, he upturned an ear toward the McCaskey apartment, where the crash of irons and chinaware and the ring of buried kitchen utensils seemed as loud as before. Policeman Cleary took out his timepiece.

"By the deported snakes," he exclaimed, "Jawn McCaskey and his lady

"THE BIT OF A BOY MISLAID?" SAID MR. MCCASKEY.

have been fightin' for an hour and a quarter by the watch! The missis could give him forty pounds weight. Strength to his arm."

Policeman Cleary strolled back around the corner.

Old man Denny folded his paper and hurried up the steps just as Mrs. Murphy was about to lock the door for the night.

Student Humor.

"When a student does not know the answer to an examination question he does one of three things," said a University of Pennsylvania professor recently. "If he is a good student he will simply leave a blank space, while if he is not he will either try to bluff it through or else pass it off as a joke. These latter cases are rare, and the result is generally painful and does harm to the student who wrote the paper. Occasionally, however, there will be a real gem, which does the student good by putting the professor in a good humor and so making him unconsciously mark the paper less severely. I came across two such gems in one paper recently. One question was 'Who was St. Bruno?' to which the student replied, 'St. Bruno was a Great Dane, a brother of St. Bernard.' The other question was, 'What was the difference between the major prophets and the minor prophets?' Here he answered, 'It would not be right for me, a sinner, to make invidious comparisons between such holy men.'"—Philadelphia Record.

When England Shook.

In the course of its long history England has known a few serious earthquake shocks. In the days of William Rufus one was felt throughout the country, and in 1274 an English earthquake destroyed Glastonbury among its other damage, while part of St. Paul's cathedral fell in as the result of an earthquake in the sixteenth century. Perhaps the most recent serious shock was that which inflicted much damage in the eastern counties in 1884. A Mansion House fund was opened for the sufferers.—London Chronicle.

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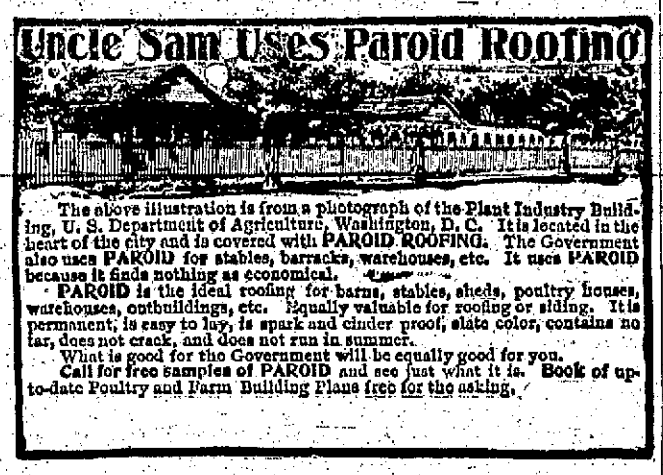

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McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Sept. 2, 1909.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—A new concrete walk has been laid in front of Allen Oviatt's property on Water street.

—Frank Reynolds has the work of installing his cut glass factory at Port Allegany almost completed.

—A new concrete walk is being laid about the M. E. church premises on the corner of Church and King streets.

—A. C. St. Clair of Robinson, Ill., on Tuesday sold through the Herrick Agency, his house and lot on South street in Bolivar to Thomas George, janitor of the Bolivar high school who will take possession soon.

—William Wayman, a young township laboring man was arrested last week for non-support of two children and was committed to jail on default of bail. He was taken to Smethport Friday. He has two little boys who are with their grandparents on Skinner Creek.—Port Allegany Reporter.

—Mt. Jewett is having an epidemic of scarlet fever. Fifteen cases were reported last Friday and others are said to be suffering with the malady in a mild form. Thus far there has been no fatalities, and as a precaution to prevent the spread of the disease school will not be opened in that place for a month at least.

—A young man who desired to pose as a "Sim the Penman" and frenzied financier, was arrested yesterday on the charge of working worthless checks. Subsequently an admiring friend appeared on the scene and assisted in reimbursing the victims. The financier was then turned loose. Forgery is not considered a serious crime in McKean county, remarks Tuesday's Bradford Era.

—Homer Lamb of this borough gave us a copy of the Daily Argus, published at Dalton, Ga. Although Dalton is a town of only 3500 the Argus is a clever, prosperous little sheet.

—A good advertiser is the best institution in the town. He induces trade from all directions. How many millions of dollars do you suppose is attracted to Pittsburg and Buffalo and Philadelphia by the advertising merchants? A great many, for an army of persons go to the cities to buy the things they see in the papers, and when they go they leave fortunes spent for other thing.—Exchange.

—Two young burglars and horse thieves, recently arrested in Tioga county, dashed pepper and tobacco in the eyes of Sheriff Hatfield as he was taking them to a justice's office for a hearing last week and made a desperate dash for liverty. The sheriff emptied his revolver at them without effect, but a crowd took up the chase and soon overtook them, they being handcuffed together.

—George Reese of Kent Hollow lost a horse on Monday in a very peculiar manner. He and his son were driving a team to the blacksmith shop at Coryville and when they met a traction engine the team became frightened and shied out of the road. This horse fell and when they got out to unhitch him to get him up they found the animal was dead. There was no marks on the horse that would indicate a fatal injury and the belief is that the animal was literally frightened to death.

Do not be deceived by unscrupulous imitators who would have you believe that the imitation pills are just as good as DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills. There isn't anything just as good as these wonderful pills for the relief of Backache, Weak Back, inflammation of the Bladder, urinary disorders and all kidney complaints. Any one can take DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills as directed in perfect confidence of good results. Sold by H. C. Wells, Smethport, F. H. Read Clermont.

AN IMPRACTICAL JOKER.

His Thought It Was Very Funny to Fire the Hayrick.

Practical joking, "the meanest form of wit," is common in Hungary. Formerly the pranks used to be coarse, if not dangerous, but that is changing now. The only saving grace of the Magyarian practical jokes, says W. B. F. Bovill in "Hungary and the Hungarians," is that they are not perpetrated in a spirit of bitterness.

One of the most famous jokers of the old school was Jozsa Gyuri. Exiled in one of the most inaccessible parts of the great plain, he lived and died "a prodigal and a buffoon."

A story is told of Jozsa going to spend a night with a Count Kegievich. Wishing to be impressive, he journeyed thither in a beautiful new coach, of which he was very proud. On being shown over the grounds by the count his attention was directed to a remarkably fine hayrick. Hay was then standing at a good price. After supper Jozsa drew together some friends, and the rick was soon nothing but a heap of ashes.

The next morning when Jozsa wanted to continue his journey his wonderful carriage was not to be seen anywhere.

"Why, my friend," said the count, "you yourself burnt it last night. The fact is my coach house wants repairing, and as the evening threatened to be wet we put your carriage under the rick to keep it dry."

A MAN OF LUCK.

The Story of the Test by the Eastern King's Minister.

A king once said to a minister, "Do you believe in luck?"

"I do," said the minister.

"Can you prove it?" asked the king.

"Yes, I can."

So one night he tied up to the cellars of a room a bag containing peas mixed with diamonds and let in two men, one of whom believed in luck and the other in human effort alone. The one who believed in luck quietly fell himself down on the ground on his blanket; the other, after a time behind the bag and, feeling in the dark the peas and stones, ate the peas and threw the diamonds to his companion, saying: "There are the stones for your idleness."

The men below received them in his blanket.

In the morning the king and the minister came and told each man to keep what he had found. The man who believed in trying got the peas which he had eaten; the other got the diamonds.

The minister then said, "Sire, there may, you see, be luck, but it is as rare as peas mixed with diamonds, so let none hope to live by luck."—An Eastern Fable.

Teaching Him a Lesson.

The new mail carrier on the rural free delivery route glanced at the name on the letter box by the roadside, stopped his horse and spoke to the roughly attired farmer with the old sleuch hat who was resting his sun browned arms on the gate and looking at him.

"I see," he said, "your name is Holmes."

"Yes."

"Beverly G.?"

"Yes, I'm the man that lives here."

"Any relation of Sherlock Holmes?" gravely asked the carrier.

"No, sir," answered the farmer, "but I'm detective enough to know that you're not a very good judge of human nature. You took me for an ignoramus because I've got my old working duds on. I'ar Sherlock Holmes enough to look at a man's face and eyes before I size him up as a— Some mail for me? Thanks."—Youth's Companion.

Men and Their Feet.

The Frenchman's foot is long, narrow and well proportioned. The Scotchman's foot, according to anthropologists, is high and thick, strong, muscular and capable of hard work. The Russian's foot possesses one peculiarity, the toes being generally "webbed" to the first joint. The Tartar's foot is short and heavy, the fool of a certain type of savage, and the toes are the same length. The Spaniard's foot is generally small, but finely curved. The Englishman's foot is in most cases short and rather fleshy and not, as a rule, as strong proportionally as it should be.—Argonaut.

Javelle Water.

Wherever water is used in preparing bleaches it should be soft. The alkali in hard water affects all chemical substances. Javelle water is a standard preparation for bleaching white things and removing spots and stains, but it must not touch colored surfaces. To make it dissolve half a pound of washing soda in a pint of boiling water and mix it with a quarter pound of chloride of lime dissolved in a quart of boiling water. Stir well, let settle, pour off the clear liquid and keep closely corked in a dark place.

A Nose For the Truth.

Exact truthfulness, according to a writer in the London Sketch, had its proper reward in the following instance:

Teacher—Now, can you tell me what the olfactory organ is? Boy—Please, sir, no, sir. Teacher—Quite right.

Tough Skin.

Gunner—And now comes a professor who declares that fruit is just as healthy with the skin on as it is peeled. Guyer—H'm! I'd like to see somebody start him on a diet of pineapple.—Chicago News.

Great thoughts reduced to practice become great acts.—Hazlitt.

THE SAWMILL'S BOOKS.

They Needed Not an Auditor, but a Mathematical Carpenter.

Bilkins froze me with a stare. "I remember," he went on, calmly ignoring my interruption, "one time when I was hired to keep books for a sawmill way up north. 'Twas six days by log wagon from ever' place exceptin' the infernal regions, the same bein' a quarter of a mile away, straight down. The durned simpleton they sent down to Nigger Wool settlement after me had so much business with a roulette dealer that he forgot to tell me to get some office supplies, so when we got to camp I found that the principal equipment of my palatial 6 by 8 business apartment consisted of three lumber crayons, slightly shop worn, and a last year's almanac. I got some smooth pine boards and kept my books on them with chalk."

"How did it work" I asked, interested in spite of myself.

"Like a charm," grinned Bilkins, "until the foreman of gang 1 got on a drunk one night an' slept in the office an' used up fourteen pages of the general ledger fer kindlin' wood the next mornin'. The company sent up an auditor to check over my books, but he went back plumb disgusted. Told 'em they didn't need an auditor—what they wanted was a carpenter who was handy at figgers. An' that reminds me"— —Bookkeeper.

FLOATING STORES.

Merchandise Steamers of the Muskoka Lake Country In Ontario.

Among the interesting features of life in the Muskoka lake country, in Ontario, are the floating stores. A good sized steam vessel fitted out with every imaginable item of merchandise that might be required, makes a tour of an assigned chain of lakes once each week. On a certain hour of a certain day the boat is expected at the different resorts and summer homes, what ever merchandise must be bought at each to ride over until the next trip of the floating store.

Upon stepping on board the store boats, says a writer in Popular Mechanics, the purchaser approaches a counter with scales and cash drawer, as in any other kind of store. Behind the counter are shelves, on which are displayed such articles as may tempt the eye. Behind these shelves is the entrance to the storeroom and hold, in which more merchandise is stored. Each article has its place, and the storekeeper can find it in a moment.

Sometimes isolated farms on the lakes are not worth stopping at every trip, so a flag is flown when stores are desired. The store vessel drops anchor when the signal flag is flown, and some member of the family rows out and makes the purchases.

Engraved Gems of the Ancients.

Engraved gems are among the most interesting objects of art inherited by us from the ancients. Though many of the cameos and intaglios were engraved on precious stones over 2,000 years ago, they are still as clear and fine as if they were cut yesterday. The designs engraved on these stones indicate that the old Greeks and Romans regarded them as charms against accident or misfortune. This superstition generally took the form of a fondness for representation of certain animals. Sailors affected the dolphin because it was believed to be the mariner's friend. Women, so far as fishes were concerned, preferred the representation of the prolific arinos of the Adriatic, which was a symbol of fruitfulness because of the great number of its eggs. The ant was worn as an emblem of industry. By the frog was indicated the idea of resurrection, because that interesting batrachian renews its youth each spring by shedding its old skin.

Pertaining to Fish.

Blessings on thee, little man! Go a-fishing when you can. Never mind the teacher's rule not to run away from school. Take your bait and nider pole and that limit, the deepest hole where the wary troutlets hide by the canyon streamlet's side. You'll get licked at home, of course, and you'll suffer great remorse, but when daddy sees your string he'll gasp and say, "By jing!" And his rod and reel he'll snatch and start out to make a catch when your jacket he doth tan. Blessings on you, little man!—Los Angeles Express.

Clothes and the Man.

Man is in some sort a slave to his clothes, and there are many men who dislike wearing the same clothes on two consecutive days, more particularly the necktie. For the first two or three things you look at when you meet a man are his eyes and his necktie. And there is a sort of underlying consciousness as you face the morning world that your tie must be straight and clean and new. But to this end you must buy the cheap tie and throw it away with your sins before going to bed.—London Chronicle.

A Curiosity.

"What in the world have you got that bill framed up there for?" we asked.

"Oh, that," sighed the landlord, "is the only dollar I ever [illegible]

We understood.

A[illegible]

"So I [illegible]

"Yes."

"And w[illegible]

"We couldn't [illegible] for a while [illegible]

Most people like poor to die rich. It is much wiser to live rich and to die poor.—Houssaye.

The Spinning Machine of a Spider.

The spinning machine is situated under the hinder part of the spider's body. It takes the form of a slight depression, which a close inspection shows to consist of six small bodies resembling tubes. Four of these contain an immense number of minute openings, as many as a thousand can be counted in each, and from every one of these openings a viscous fluid issues, which hardens on exposure to the atmosphere. The whole 4,000 threads are united into one line, which is sometimes so fine that 4,000,000 twisted together would not have a combined diameter greater than that of an ordinary hair from the human head. It is impossible to conceive the excessive slenderness of one of the 4,000 threads which compose such a line. The bare statement that each one has a thickness only one sixteen thousand millionth of that of a human hair does not in any way convey the impression of its wonderful fineness. The mind can no more grasp the meaning of such figures than it can understand the immense distance of which astronomers talk so glibly.

Kelvin as Damocles.

A characteristic always of Lord Kelvin was his absolute faith in figures, and this ruling passion once led to his experiment as a Damocles. When he once solved a problem in mathematics, he was willing to stake upon its correctness not only his reputation, but, if necessary, his life. Taking an immense heavy cannon ball, he calculated with the utmost accuracy the size of the smallest wire which would bear the weight of the load of iron. He then procured a length of wire of just the requisite strength and to prove the truth of his figuring had the cannon ball suspended over his lecturing platform at the very spot where it would be most likely to strike and crush him should the wire give way, and it remained there for weeks.

"The Last Ditch."

A dignified origin can be given to the expression "To die in the last ditch." On the death of Dr. Witt the Prince of Orange was made head of the Dutch republic. Despite his youth he displayed the courage and temper of his race. "Do you not see your country is lost?" asked the Duke of Buckingham, who had been sent to negotiate at The Hague. "There is a sure way never to see it lost," replied William, "and that is to die in the last ditch."

He Got Married.

Our cook, said the family man, had a beau who called on her often, but finally his visits ceased. I asked her one day what had become of her former attentive beau, and she said he had got married.

"Since he got married," said she, "he don't come around any more."

"Married!" said I, surprised. "Why, I thought he would marry you!"

"So he did," said the cook.—Browning's Magazine.

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Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday Sept. 2, 1909.

A LONE bandit held up a Pennsylvania train near Lewistown, Pa., early Tuesday morning and robbed the express car of several thousand dollars. He made good his escape and large posses with blood hounds are searching for him.

THE Wellsboro Gazette is making a fight against the high water rates in that progressive town. The rate for an ordinarily equipped house is $22 per year, and besides this the borough pays $2,450 per year for sprinkling and fire purposes.

FIRE started in St. Matachin's Home in New York on Monday night when 600 homeless children, ranging from 3 to 14 years of age were asleep. By splendid coolness and courage on the part of the nuns and priests every child was saved without injury. The building was burned to the ground.

THE Bolivar Breeze is 19 years old and is one of the brightest, most up-to-date country newspapers on our exchange list. John P. Herrick, editor and owner, is one of the ablest writers in this section as well as an excellent business man and he makes a business of making good, newsy, newspapers.

In the Riverside penitentiary at Pittsburg, eight whiskey stills have been found in which booze was made by prisoners from prunes stolen from their tables. It is said that many prisoners got drunk on this concoction and some desperate fights grew out of the sprees. Home-made booze might to suit to the popularity of prisons.

THE sensational escape of the Biddle brothers from the Allegheny county jail was brought to mind by the death of Mrs. Kate Soifel at the West Penn hospital in Pittsburg on Monday from typhoid fever. In January, 1902, she assisted them to escape and stayed with them until they were killed in a desperate battle in Butler county. She was tried and served one year and nine months in the penitentiary and afterwards starred in a "Desperate Chance" until the production was suppressed by the authorities.

DR. THOMAS J. ALLEN, the Aurora, Ill. educator and Monodiet advocate, who gained much notice by living 30 days on a diet of peanuts only, announces he has discovered a cure for cancer. So certain is the goober knight he has a remedy that means the oblivion of the dread disease he has offered his own person for an experiment. He has asked Supt. Gaylor of the Buffalo, N. Y., cancer hospital to engraft him with cancer and the proposition is now being considered, the Aurora man says.

THE strike at Homestead is still on times. Horrible stories are being told by the strike breakers of their treatment while in the mills of the Pressed Steel Car Co., who have left the plant. An investigation is being made by United States officials and the strike breakers declare that scores of wounded and half starved men had been locked up by the company's officials where the United States investigators could not find them, and some of the men said that vaults in the mill still hold more than a dozen men imprisoned as in a dungeon to prevent the taking of their testimony.

THE coast line Ohio struck on a rock in the Pacific ocean off Still Point, Alaska, last Friday, with 136 passengers and was sunk. Owing to the bravery of George G. Eccles, the wireless operator, all were saved but three. Eccles stuck to his post giving the "C. Q. D." call until he got an answer and kept busy giving directions to the rescuing party until his boat sunk. His last message read: "Passengers all off and adrift in in small boats. Captain and crew going off in last boat, waiting for me now. Good-by. My God, Im——." Purser P. J. Stephens also sank with the ship as he was still lowering passengers into the boats. The other man to lose his life was unknown.

CONSERVATIVE estimates of the damage done by the flood at Monterey, Mexico, which started last Saturday, place the dead at 1,400 and the property loss at $12,000,000. The river has receded and the danger is over. Six hundred and fifty bodies have been recovered. One quarter of the city was destroyed and 15,000 persons are homeless. The water mains are useless and the place is consequently without a drinking supply, neither is there light nor street car service as the power plant has been damaged. It will be impossible to resume train service for a week and as a result the city is threatened with famine. The slaughter houses have been destroyed. Ten thousand people are fed on bread, coffee and soup by the municipal authorities and the American consul is giving food to all who apply. Thousands have taken refuge in the Cathedral and other churches. Many abode structures, soaked by the rain are falling and there has been additional loss of life from this cause.

Final Paving Estimate.

To the Councils of the Borough of Smethport, Pa.

Gentlemen:

Herewith please find final estimate of work done and material furnished in paving Main street, Smethport, Pa., by the Louis H. Gipp Construction Co.

Work was commenced on July 8th, 1908, and completed Aug. 5th, 1909. It was done according to contract and is now ready for your acceptance.

Estimate	$37961.64
Less previous estimates	29205.79
	$ 8755.85
Plus 25% retained	7801.43
	$16057.28
Less reserve	500.00
	$15557.28

Yours respectfully,
A. F. BANNON, JR.

ESTIMATE

Excavation 7209 cu. yds. @37c	$ 2700.63
Paving 17039.5 sq. yds. @ $1.60	27295.20
Curbing 9471.4 lin. ft. @ 60c	5683.84
" circular 501.0 lin. ft. @ 85c	426.86
Gravel 169 cu. yds. @ $1.00	169.00
4 in. Drain Tile 1104 @ 12c	492.48
Catch basin tops, 20	492.16
Ginter M. H.	12.07
Duplex covers returned	82.97
10 in. and 12 in. Tile and Ys bought by borough	142.80
Extras as per attached statement	464.50
	$37961.64

EXTRAS

Curbing 45 lin. ft. or side circular 22.75 lin. ft. @ 85c	$ 37.00 19.31
To extra depth on surface drains 1908, 402 cu. yds. @ 20c	95.40
Placing corrugated pipe	81.80
Add 15%	12.72
Setting catch basins, 18 @ $4	72.00
Add 15%	10.80
Manholes Main street	8.47
Setting catch basins 1909, 8 @ $4.00	32.00
Add 15%	4.80
Placing corrugated pipe 1909	37.80
Add 15%	5.67
Drain at Hamlin's	4.78
Lowering curb on Pike and Allegheny streets	1.95
Extra grading Hill & Pine Sts	17.50
Filling water line ditch gravel 2 cu. yds.	2.00
Changing paving at Engstrom's	4.30
Over haul 232 cu. yds.	23.20
	$ 461.50

BIGGEST IN AMERICA.

Great Performing Lions To Be Seen Here Soon.

There are some wonderful lions with the John H. Sparks' Shows, which will exhibit at Smethport on Tuesday, Sept. 7. They are not only of amazing size and beauty, but they have been trained to do some of the most thrilling acts ever presented to an audience. Mons. Doucet the world's greatest lion trainer, was born and raised in the jungles of equatorial Africa, and from childhood was accustomed to hear the roars of the man eating King of the forest that prowled about his cabin at night. His father once captured some lion cubs which he trained to aid him in his hunting expeditions. Thus reared, the boy became naturally a lion tamer and hunter. Selecting some cubs from the largest species known, he reared them and educated them to perform feats that would illustrate the amazing strength and agility of these beasts.

A pair of these great animals will be turned loose in a great steel enclosure in full sight of the audience. Mons. Doucet will enter this enclosure unarmed, and put the lions through some astonishing performances. It is the most thrilling act of the kind ever seen, and will never be forgotten by the beholder.

Like every other act and feature presented with the John H. Sparks' Shows it is far away and superior to anything of the kind ever seen before. There are numerous other trained animal acts, in which ferocious tigers, leopards, hyenas, tremendous elephants, etc., will obey the commands of their fearless masters. No one should miss this great show at Smethport next Tuesday.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending Aug. 14, 1909:

Butler, Miss Winnie (2)
Edol, Mrs. Chas
Falconer, Miss Florence
Warner, Mrs. Emma

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

Dewitt's Little Early Risers, the safe, sure, easy, gentle little liver pills. The original Carbolized Witch Hazel Salve is Dewitt's. The name is plainly stamped on every box. It is good for cuts, burns, bruises, sores, boils and sunburn—but it is especially good for Piles. Sold by H. C. Wells, Smethport. F. H. Reed, Clermont.

Honor for Treasurer Sheatz.

The Philadelphia division, No 102, Order of Railroad Telegraphers, has conferred an unusual honor upon State Treasurer John O. Sheatz. The organization has passed a resolution "unanimously endorsing Mr. Sheatz for any elective office to which he may aspire."

The resolution was introduced in a recent meeting of the association by President J. J. McLaughlin and approved by a committee composed of the president, Secretary H. O. Minnig and H. A. Ramsey. The resolution further provides that all members of the order do all they can to aid the President in aiding the state treasurer in any political way deemed advisable.

When Mr. Sheatz was in the legislature he, upon numerous occasions, did favors for the members of the society.

The letter from Secretary Minnig, recieved this morning by Treasurer Sheatz, calls attention to these facts and compliments Mr. Sheats upon the business-like way he has conducted his office.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

Condensed Statement of Condition of

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.,

SMETHPORT, PA.,

at close of Business Feb. 1, 1909

RESOURCES.

Banking House	$ 19,694.77
Bonds	167,413.50
Loans	570,558.87
Cash	23,693.21
Due from Banks	68,514.41
	$888,814.16

LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock	$200,000.00
Surplus	100,000.00
Undivided Profits	41,701.38
Deposits	557,112.78
	$888,814.16

This Bank Solicits accounts of firms and individuals. Pays interest on time deposits. Offers all the inducements practical with conservative banking.

HIGHEST CASH PRICE

—paid for—

BUTTER,
EGGS
AND
POULTRY.

William M. Hagan,

HAZELHURST, - PENNA.

If you have any of the above to sell, and I don't call, drop me a card

Pennsylvania Railroad.

FAIR and RACES

—AT—

OLEAN, N. Y.

SEPTEMBER 6 TO 10, 1909

EXCURSION RATES will be sold on above dates, good returning until September 11, inclusive, from EMPORIUM, CLERMONT, BRADFORD, WARREN, ROCHESTER, EAST AURORA, and Intermediate Stations at

REDUCED RATES

Consult Ticket Agents.

J. R. WOOD,
Passenger Traffic Manager

GEO. W. BOYD,
General Passenger Agent

PICKLES

A Few Bargains in SWEET, MIXED and SOUR PICKLES in bottles, also PEARL ONIONS in bottles.

Every day is Bargain Day at

G. W. BRENNAN'S,

THE CASH GROCER.

BUFFALO, ROCHESTER & PITTSBURG Ry.

$3.25 **NIAGARA FALLS**

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, '09

FIVE-DAY EXCURSION
Last of Season

Train leaves Newton 3:01 p. m.

Opportunity Knocks Once at Every Man's Door.

Some Excellent Money Making Opportunities.

COUNTRY STORE with postoffice at Birdsall, N. Y., sales $600 a month, postoffice pays $225 a year. Stock for about $1,000 Low rent, fine opening.

HOTEL in Galeton, Pa., business of $20,000 a year. Fine commercial trade. Only $12,000, furnished, terms easy.

HARDWARE STORE in Shinglehouse, Pa., business of $15,000 a year, low rent, fine location. For inventory, about $5,000. Easy terms.

DRUG STORE in Portville, N. Y., on trolley line and two railroads. Real estate and stock for about $3,500. Easy terms. Long established.

OPERA HOUSE in Friendship, N. Y. fine opening for picture show. Offices in building rent for $200 a year. Snap at $3,500, part cash. Live town of 1,600.

LAUNDRY in Smethport, Pa., business of $70 a week. Fine equipment, low rent. Everything for $850, part cash.

Many others are described in our September real estate list—just out—send stamp for copy.

Herrick Agency,

BOLIVAR, N. Y.

We Bring Buyer and Seller Together

FARMERS,

Look out for BUGS and BLIGHT!

Paris Green,
Bluestone,
Helebore,

and everything in the Druggists' line fresh and new at the

A. B. ARMSTRONG DRUG STORE.

Chas. M. Provin

has rented the shop in the rear of Armstrong's drug store and is prepared to do all kinds of

HORSESHOEING, BLACKSMITHING and WOODWORK

A share of your patronage is solicited.

Chas. M. Provin

SCHOOL DAYS

are here again and so is the best line of

"WIDOW JONES" SUITS

for the Boys, also a first-class line of School Shoes and we make the SPECIAL DISCOUNT of

10 per cent.

on all our Boys' Suits and Shoes for Saturday. Come and get the boy a New Suit and Shoes for school.

H. W. RUBIN

The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

Confectionery

One of the finest lines ever shown in Smethport.

PRESCRIPTION DEPARTMENT

is fully stocked with pure drugs, which comply with the pure food laws, and I make a specialty of prescriptions and family reciepes. Bring them here and get the best.

H. C. WELLS.

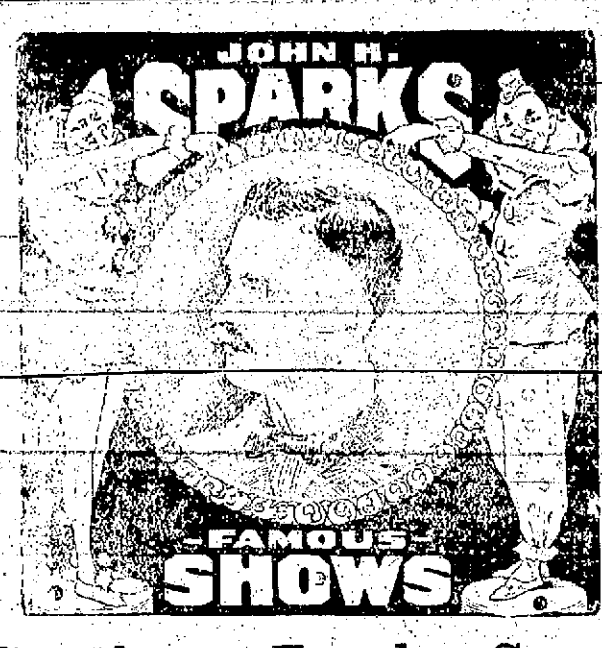
SMETHPORT, - PENNA.

...BUY...

Lowney's Confectionery

—AT—

McCoy's Drug Store



Smethport, Tuesday, Sep. 7

Mighty modern monarch of the arenic world

Three Distinctly Diversified Colossally Complete Shows in One

The Whole World Ransacked for Its Arenic Wonders

Convocation of Acrobats, Leapers, Gymnasts, Tumblers, Equilibrists. Startling New Feature Acts and Performances. Clown Contingent of 20. Regal Horse show. Trained Horses, Dogs and Ponies. Greatest Trained Lions in America. A Herd of Performing Elephants.

FINEST COLLECTION OF WILD ANIMALS IN THE ENTIRE WORLD

Gold Glittering Grand Free Street Parade at Noon

Grand Free Exhibition on show grounds immediately after parade

Two Performances Daily, at 2 and 8 p. m.

Will buy young, sound gray horses

Inquire at Show Grounds

The Lindholm Co.

Headquarters for McCall's Patterns

TAILORED WAISTS

We are showing a complete line of ladies' waists in stripe and white linen, for the coming season, priced $1.19 & $1.75

Boys', Misses' and Children's School Shoes

Tough shoes for lively Boys and Girls. Don't scold your boys and girls for wearing out shoes—buy them good shoes, stout in material, strong in make. We have the right kind made for us and warranted by us. Prices $1.75 to $3.00, according to size.

The Lindholm Company

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

SELF HEATING Laundry Irons

Natural Gas

Made in three sizes

No. 1, 5 lb.,	$3.00
No. 2, 6 lb.,	$3.50
No. 3, 8 lb.,	$4.00

These Irons are furnished with 6 feet of hose and all connections complete.

Connects with hose to Chandelier or Bracket. Saves gas enough in a very short time to pay for itself.

These irons will operate 10 hours on Natural Gas at a cost of less than one cent, or on Artificial Gas 10 hours for 2½ cents. The iron is always hot and clean, ready for use. The gas is regulated by needle valve, producing any temperature desired. More and better work can be done in one-half the time, and all without overheating your rooms in the old way.

—AT—

DALY & GARLICK

McLean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Sept. 2, 1909

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Additional local on last page.

—Next Monday, Sept. 6, is LABOR day.

—Don't forget Sparks' circus next Tuesday.

—This section was visited by a heavy frost last night.

—September was ushered in by a typical November day.

—The residence of W. P. Walsh on Main street is being repainted.

—The office of the Gas and Water Co. of Fulton street has been repainted.

—Born to Mr. and Mrs. Scott F. Redfield Sunday, Sept., 29, 1909, a baby girl.

—A new concrete walk has been laid in front of the residence of Mary Keefe, on Water street.

—A concrete walk has been laid in front of the residence of Dr. F. C. Pierce on East Main street.

—Miss Violet Alcock entertained a number of her friends at her home on King street last Thursday evening.

—Mrs. Enos Carr, entertained a number of ladies last evening in honor of her guest Mr. R. Ruby of Washington, D. C.

—The lights and top of the automobile to be given away fair week have arrived and the machine is now fully equipped.

—The LaFrance Engine Co. of Elmira of whom the fire engine now in this borough was purchased, will assist in the fire fighting demonstration at the fair Friday.

—At the regular meeting of the Fire Department to-morrow night much important business pertaining to Firemen's Day is to be brought up and a full attendance is necessary.

—The big Firemen's dance on Friday night of fair week, under the auspices of the Smethport Fire Department, will be the largest dance ever held in this town. It will be given in the Lyceum.

—The work of making the repairs at the court house has been completed. The work, which was in charge of Contractor Ivers of Bradford, has resulted in a most satisfactory job. The new arrangements at this building are a great improvement.

—Street Commissioner Cramsie has had a force of men at work during the past week cleaning off the Main street pavement.

—A large force of men are employed on the job and a fine start has already been made. It is the intention of Contractor Ivers to make a quick job of this block.

—The Odd Fellows' band serenaded Mr. and Mrs. Charles Scull and Mr. and Mrs. A. Sidney Burdick, who were recently united in marriage, last Tuesday evening.

—Mrs. Andrew Ness and six children who have resided at Tuttle, Okla., for the past two years, returned to this place last Tuesday and will again take up their residence here.

—Smethport promises to be on the map by a large majority in the future. Prospects were never brighter for a lively year industrially and otherwise in this borough than at the present.

—Miss Belle Smith fell down a flight of stairs at the Wright House last Monday and badly sprained her left arm. Dr. Chadwick was summoned and rendered her medical assistance.

—The buildings of the former Eldred window glass plant have been purchased by E. A. Barden. He informed the Eagle that the purchase was made to hold them for a factory site.—Eldred Eagle.

—Howard Denning had the misfortune to sprain his right ankle while riding a motorcycle last Thursday evening. Dr. Chadwick dressed his injury and the young man is now able to be about on crutches.

—The advance car of Sparks' circus arrived in town last Thursday evening and the town and surrounding country was pretty thoroughly billed Friday, announcing the coming of this show to Smethport Sept. 7.

—George Cable of Oneida, N. Y., has leased the barber shop owned by William Hungerford, located in the Hungerford building on Main street. The shop and fixtures have been renovated and repainted during the past week and Mr. Cable will open it for business today.

—Andrew Campbell of Keating township is in a precarious condition at his home and little hope is held for his recovery. Mr. Campbell has been seriously ill for some time past but was improving somewhat. Last Saturday he suffered a relapse and since that time his condition has been critical.

—Mrs. W. A. Harris is teaching the first year Latin, first and second year German and English Classics in the Smethport High School, until Miss Todd returns to her duties, which she is expected to do in about six weeks.

—The season tickets for the fair have been placed in the hands of the vice presidents for sale. Many more will be placed throughout different parts of the county. Don't forget that a chance on the automobile goes with each ticket.

—The carpenters started work Tuesday and the bricklayers yesterday on the new Holder building. This work has been delayed in starting for over a week owing to the non-arrival of a car of lumber to be used in the construction.

—The Fair Association is receiving much co-operation this year from people throughout the county. An example of this will be the handsome display of fancy work, bric-a-brac, etc., made by Mrs. D. C. Young of this place, which she collected while visiting Cuba and on her trip to the Holy Land.

—The new Maxwell automobile which has been purchased by the Fair Association and will be given to some lucky holder of a season ticket, is there with the speed. Sunday Secretary McCoy and George McGowan went to Kane in the car and on the return trip made the 25 miles in one hour and fifteen minutes.

—D. M. Brasted has ordered a bread mixer which he will install at his bakery on Mechanic street. The new piece of machinery is expected to arrive in this place next week. Mr. Brasted has also ordered a small gas engine which will furnish power for the mixer and will also be used to run the ice cream freezer at the bakery.

—Rev. W. E. VanDyke of Pittsburg, who has accepted the pastorate of St. Luke's church in this borough, was a visitor in town this week. He will take charge here in October. Rev. VanDyke was assistant rector of St. Luke's before going to Pittsburg and his hosts of Smethport friends are delighted at the prospect of having him back once more.

—At a luncheon given at the Commercial Hotel, Mr. Jewett, last week the coming marriage of Miss Gertrude Long to Mr. Conrad J. Illues of Berkshire, Mass., was announced. The bride-to-be is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Long and has many friends here who wish her happiness. The wedding is to take place some time in September.

—During July and August the morning service in the Methodist Episcopal church has been held at the hour of eleven, with the coming Sunday the service will begin at the usual time, half past ten. The Epworth League will resume its meetings next Sunday evening at quarter before six. The evening preaching service will begin as heretofore.

—Excursion rates have been secured on the P., S. & N. R. R. from Clermont and intermediate points for Tuesday, Sept. 7, on account of Sparks' circus. Tickets good on regular morning train leaving Clermont at 7:38. Round trip fare as follows: Clermont, 45c; Hazelhurst, 35c; Marvindale, 25c; Kasson, 25c; Comes, 24c. Returning train leaves Smethport 5:55 p. m.

—A driverless rig was found on West King street last Sunday morning. The team was hitched to a tree alongside the road and a lumber wagon containing some provisions and a case of beer was standing nearby. The owner or driver of the rig could not be found anywhere about the locality and the finders took the outfit to Jones' livery where the owner subsequently showed up and claimed the property. It was evidently a case of bearings lost.

—Invitations are out for the marriage of Miss Ethel Gifford to Mr. Lewis Marks, which event will occurr Sept. 7 at St. Luke's church. Miss Gifford is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wurley Gifford of this borough and was formerly one of the efficient teachers of the borough schools and is one of the most popular young ladies of the town's social set. Mr. Marks is in the glass business and is a fine young man in every sense of the word and has hosts of friends in this place.

—The borough schools opened last Monday and on Tuesday 408 pupils had been enrolled. The corps of instructors numbers 11 and is composed of the following efficient teachers: High School, T. T. Allen, Prin; Carrie Day, and Mrs. W. A. Harris, who is taking Miss Mable Todd's place until that lady, who is ill, recovers sufficiently to resume her duties. Grades: Room 8, Rose Allen; Room 7, Laura Hewitt; Room 6, Mary Richards; Room 5, Vinnie Campbell; Room 4, Olive Richards; Room 3, Amanda Anderson: Room 2, Bessie Ottoson; Room 1, Rachel Mayo.

—In the afternoon of Aug. 29, there was a very pleasant gathering at the beautiful grove at the head waters of Potato creek. A fine luncheon was given in honor of Miss Elizabeth Gallup of Buffalo, and Harry Stickles of Detroit, Mich. The guests from a distance were: Mr. Robert Wardrupp and children and Mrs. Jessie Campbell of Punxsutawney; Miss Hattie Brower of Mt. Jewett; Mr. Francis Gallup of Mansfield, Pa., Bryan and Grant Perry of Kasson; Mrs. Orlo Bard and daughter, Lena, and Mr. Edward Gallup of Colegrove. The afternoon was pleasantly spent and the dinner was thoroughly appreciated by all in attendance.

Personal Mention.

Paul D. Hamlin left for Chicago last Saturday.

Robt. King of Little Valley, N. Y., is visiting in this place.

G. Battel of Bradford was a Smethport visitor this week.

Mrs. Mary Kerns of Buffalo is a Smethport visitor this week.

Attorney Tim Mullin of Bradford was a Smethport visitor Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. David McCarty of Mt. Jewett were visitors in town Sunday.

Misses Marie and Jennie Kessler are visiting Miss Edyth Nearing of Keating township.

D. A. Gifford of Newerf was a business visitor in town yesterday and was a caller at this office.

Mrs. O. H. Gleason is spending a few days with relatives and friends in Tidioute, Pa., this week.

Walter A. Metcalf, who has been spending the summer at Keuka Lake, N. Y. has returned home.

W. O. Hamlin of Brooklyn, N. Y., is visiting his parents Mr. and Mrs. Jno. C. Hamlin of this borough.

Allan Hatch, who has been located at Chautauqua, N. Y., for some time past has returned to this borough.

Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Gallup, R. E. Burdick and O. J. Hamlin drove to Olean in the former's automobile on Tuesday.

Miss Orra Gleason leaves Friday for Denmon, Mich., where she has been engaged to teach music in the schools.

W. I. Lewis and sister Mrs. Harriet Saunders of Coudersport were Smethport visitors in their automobile on Sunday.

T. F. and Michael Quirk of Mannington, W. Va., were visiting friends and relatives in this vicinity a few days this week.

Miss Viola Badger returned Saturday from Port Allegany where she had been the guest of relatives for the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Burdick returned last Saturday from a three weeks' visit in Atlantic City and other points of interest.

Mrs. Angelia Coleman, who was the guest of friends in town last week returned to her home in Port Allegany on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Newman arrived in town Tuesday evening from Syracuse. They will visit Smethport friends for several days.

Miss Katherine Morey and cousin, Miss Florence Rogers, left Tuesday to spend a week the guest of Bradford relatives and friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Coleman and children of Manhattan, Pa., are visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Sasso of Mechanic street.

Miss Lura I. Halstead of Paris, Ont., Can., after spending a two weeks' vacation among relatives in town, departed Saturday for home.

C. D. Comes, daughter Crystal, and son Ernest, and Rev. and Mrs. W. A. Harris drove to Bradford on Saturday in the former's automobile.

Mr. and Mrs. Sandford L. Fry and Mr. and Mrs. Christian Herzog spent Sunday at Chautauqua Lake, making the trip in Mr. Fry's automobile.

Harry Stickles of Detroit, Mich., after staying with his aunt Mrs. H. H. Gallup of Norwich for the past two months returned home the first of the week.

Mrs. Ed. Riggall and son, Frank, of Mt. Vernon, Ohio, and Mrs. Herbert Yordon of Bolivar, N. Y., are visiting Mrs. Archie Malcom on West Main street.

Miss Lizzie Gallup, who is training for a nurse at the Buffalo General Hospital, returned to her duties Tuesday morning after spending her vacation at Norwich and in Smethport.

MacArthur Gorton, who has been visiting in Asbury Park and New York arrived in Smethport last week and will visit his parents Mr. and Mrs. Sheridan Gorton until he resumes his studies at Bucknell for the coming term.

Benjamin Oviatt and sister Miss Ruth Oviatt leave today for Lake Mills, Wis., where Mr. Oviatt will resume his duties with the Lake Mills Leader and Miss Oviatt will take a position she has formerly held in the schools of that place.

Horace King, who has been employed in the law offices of McCormick & McCormick in Williamsport during the summer vacation, returned home Tuesday evening and will be the guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. George King of East Smethport until Oct. 1st when he will resume his studies at Dickenson Law School at Carlisle.

Mr. Beck, former Democratic candidate for Governor of Wyoming was the guest of Samuel E. Bell over Sunday, and on Monday these gentlemen left for New York on a business mission. Gov. Beck as he is familiarly called by his friends is a Kentucky bred gentleman, a man who has traveled a great deal and is a most pleasing gentleman to visit with. He has spent a number of years in Wyoming and is a warm personal friend of "Buffalo Bill," Col. Wm. F. Cody. Mr. Beck is 6 feet, 2 inches in height, weighs 240 pounds, is a great lover of the rod and gun and is possessed of a free-hearted, genial disposition which makes him many friends wherever he goes. He made many friends here in his short stay who will welcome him back at any time he chooses to come.

Home Journal Patterns — Monarch Shirts

FRY & COMES

Shepherd Checks

Your attention please to a choice lot of Shepherd Checks Dress Goods which we are showing in our window this week.

These goods are very popular just now being well adapted to the present style tendencies in women's wear.

Widths: 36 to 46 inches
Prices: 25c to 75c per yard

FRY & COMES

Smethport, - - Penna.

WHY

are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing", offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

RUBEROID ROOFING

by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready-to-lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

It contains no rubber or any other ingredient which will deteriorate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in name and appearance. See that the registered trade mark "RUBEROID" is stamp on the under side of the material every four feet.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

SMETHPORT PENN'A.

ANDORFER & LYLE

Quality Grocers

TRY FROU-FROU---the New Dutch Delicacy Imported from Holland

FRESH POTATO CHIPS

FAXON'S BREAD AND BAKED GOODS

GREEN CORN SWEET POTATOES

ATLAS E-Z SEAL & MASON IMPROVED FRUIT JARS

See what $2.50 Cash will buy on Friday and Saturday this week:

$2.50 Combination	Regular Price		
½ sack W. P. Flour	$0.95	½ doz. Bananas	.13
5 lbs. Granulated Sugar	.30	1 lb. Crackers—Soda or Butter	.10
1 lb. Brighton Blend Coffee	.25	1 "Kellog's" Toasted Corn Flakes	.10
6 bars Oak Leaf Soap	.25	1 lb. "Jipeo" seeded raisins	.10
½ lb. best Uncolored Japan Tea	.25	1 can Old Dutch Cleanser	.10
1 can fancy Corn	.12		$2.75
1 lb. best Rice	.10	Our Special Cash Offer	$2.50

WM. MONHEIMER.

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To Our Store This Week

and take advantage of some

Splendid Values

that will be offered. You will find many choice bargains in Clothing for men and boys. Hats and Furnishings, and you will surely want some of them.

Just Take a Look at Our Window.

MONHEIMER'S

RAILROAD WATCHES

We make a specialty of railroad watches. He uses a special movement containing 21 jewels, one tha runs with wonderful accuracy and is built to stand the wear and tear, smosh and slam of the railroad business.

KERR

Main St. - Smethport

MY LADY DAFFODIL.

How She Happened to Wear Her Yellow Gown That Night.

By VIRGINIA BLAIR.

[Copyright, 1900, by Associated Literary Press.]

In Miss Priscilla's garden there was a clump of daffodils.

"I am going to pick all of them," said Judy Perkins, who was Miss Priscilla's niece.

"Please don't, Judy," said Miss Priscilla faintly.

"Why not?"

"Because," was Miss Priscilla's woman's reason.

Judy looked at her. "Tell me," she urged. "You are blushing, and you can't have any secrets from me, Aunt Pris."

Miss Priscilla beamed. It was such a new delight to be bossed by this beautiful being who had come all the way from Europe to the little country village to see for the first time her father's sister.

"Tell me," Judy repeated and drew the little lady down beside her on the garden bench.

Judy listened intently while Miss Priscilla stammered out her little romance. "So you and he always sat on this bench by the daffodil bed, and you wore a little yellow dimity gown, and he called you 'My Lady Daffodil'?"

"Yes." Miss Priscilla's voice was dreamy. "And he used to quote some verses that ended:

"And then my heart with pleasure fills
And dances with the daffodils."

"Why didn't you marry him?" Judy murmured.

"There was a misunderstanding," Miss Priscilla said. "And he went away, and I never heard from him since, and that was twenty years ago."

Judy enveloped the shabby black figure in a big hug. "Dear Aunt Pris," she said, "and you have been alone and lonely all those years, while I have been having a good time."

"You couldn't know," Miss Priscilla said, "that after father and mother died I invested all of my money in a mining scheme that failed."

"No, we didn't know," Judy said, "and you have clothed and saved and gone without pretty things while I have simply squandered piles of money on gowns."

"The one you have on is a beauty," Miss Priscilla said. "You look like a rose."

Judy laughed. "The rose and the daffodil," she sang. "We belong in your garden, Aunt Pris."

"Miss Priscilla," said some one from the other side of the fence, "may I have a rose from your garden?"

"I told you last night you couldn't, Bobbie," Judy retorted.

"Don't quarrel," Miss Priscilla expostulated. "Come up presently and have lunch with me."

As she left them Judy stood looking after the slender, old fashioned figure. "Did she ever tell you about the daffodils, Bobbie?"

"No."

"He was her lover and he went away—and his name is Constantius Mercer."

"Do you know?" Bobbie said, "there's a man at the hotel named Mercer—C. Mercer?"

Judy grasped his hands across the fence. "Bobbie, boy," she said, "suppose it should be the same one—and suppose he is coming back here to look up Aunt Pris?"

"She must have changed awfully in that time," Bobbie said. "She—she isn't very pretty now, you know, Judy."

"She's beautiful," Judy said defiantly. "Her hair is lovely and her eyes—"

"Constantius is probably old and bald and ugly—but of course that doesn't count."

"Well, one doesn't exactly look for beauty in a man."

"If one did one might be disappointed," Judy murmured pointedly. Then she went on, "If it is Constantius he'll probably be over this evening, Bobbie."

"Why?"

"Because," she said he always came at twilight, and—and lovers don't forget such things, Bobbie."

"Don't they?" Bobbie demanded with some interest. "Will you remember that I always come at high noon in time for lunch, Judy?"

"Aunt Pris," Judy said a little later when they were at lunch, "I'm going to get the dinner tonight and I want it late. Bobbie's coming and I'm going to put on style."

Bobbie looked up in amazement, but Judy's eye warned him. "You are to come at 7:30," she said. "I want to show you what a fine cook I am."

After Bobbie left Miss Priscilla protested.

"Please," Judy began, "let me get the dinner and—and I want to dress you up and have you play lady for once in your life. You are going to wear a pretty gown tonight," Judy said decidedly. "Come on upstairs and choose one, Aunt Pris."

Once in Judy's room that enthusiastic maiden dumped on the bed a dozen gowns before she found the one she sought.

"There," she said at last, as she took down a fluttering fluffy thing of pale yellow chiffon. "Put that on and see how you look, Aunt Pris."

"Oh, my dear," Miss Priscilla protested. But Judy commanded, and soon Miss Pris[illegible] was dressed in the wonderful gown.

"That [illegible] evening, Judy decided and [illegible] out hairpins and curled and [illegible] and puffed the shining brown locks [illegible] a wonderful coiffure—topped with a gold comb.

"Why, it's just the way I used to wear it," Miss Priscilla said.

"And now you are to take a book and go down to the garden seat and stay there until I call you to dinner."

A half hour later Bobbie appeared at the kitchen door.

"Judy," he said in an awed voice, "I didn't know clothes could make such a difference."

"What?" asked Judy, abstracted. She was deep in the mysteries of mayonnaise.

"Miss Priscilla is down by the daffodil bed in a yellow gown, and she looks like a girl with her hair done that way. And Constantius is headed for the garden. He is a good looking old duffer, Judy."

"I hope he has piles of money," Judy said.

"I'll run back and dress," Bobbie said. "But I wish you'd let me get the Lady of the Roses if he gets My Lady Daffodil, Judy."

"Go 'way," said Judy, but her eyes were kind.

There were golden shadows across the grass as Bobbie went toward the gate, and Miss Priscilla's gown made a spot of gold in the dusky corner where the daffodils grew. And at the gate Bobbie met Constantius, but the man scarcely bowed. His eyes were on that golden spot in the dusky corner.

"My Lady Daffodil," he said softly.

Miss Priscilla turned, started up, and her eyes were like stars.

"Connie"—she gasped, and then Bobbie fled.

And when he crept back later he found shades on the silver candlesticks.

He produced a great bunch of daffodils and Judy put them in a silver bowl in the center of the table.

"Judy, this is my old friend Constantius Mercer," said a happy voice.

Constantius held Judy's hand and looked down at her. "Priscilla and I have been wondering how you happened to make her wear that yellow gown today."

"A little bird told me you were at the hotel."

"A little bird?"

"Jack-o-link," said Bobbie from the other side of the table.

"Oh," and Constantius grasped the other's hand. "I told you I knew Miss Priscilla's—"

"Yes," said Bobbie, "and I told Judy, and thereby hangs the tale."

But Constantius was not listening—hand in hand with Miss Priscilla he was looking at the daffodils that had made the golden hour.

And Judy, watching the old lovers, turned her eyes presently on her young lover and held her hand well out to him and behind the backs of the others he bent and kissed her.

Willing, but Helpless.

"Shave," was all he said, and he snapped it out as if he wanted to be let alone during the operation.

"You oughter have a hair cut, sir. Needs it badly," said the barber.

"No; I want a shave," said the man.

Everything was quiet for the next few minutes, and the barber scraped away. Then, the bristles removed, the barber ran his hands through his hair, preparatory to combing it. That seemed to remind him of something.

"Hair's getting thin, sir. Shall I put on some follicular freshener?" he inquired.

"No!" snapped the man.

The barber fussed about some more and then, "Try a facial massage—just what you need," he said.

"No; I only want the shave," said the man firmly.

This appeared to get past the barber, for as he was flirting with the combs and brushes and looking over the customer's cranial development he remarked in a friendly and kindly tone, just as if the idea had that moment occurred to him, "You oughter have your hair cut, sir."

The tired man's patience was all gone now. "Hang it," he exclaimed, "if you are so anxious to cut somebody's hair, why don't you cut your own? It's four times as long as mine."

Sadly the barber looked at himself in the glass. His locks were best described by the mid-Victorian terms "sandy" and "abundant and umbrageous."

"If I could I would," he answered.—New York Press.

To Was or Not to Was.

"Dear me, now!" exclaimed the nervous old lady with the seventeen packages and the parrot, to and for Cockle-on-the-Shell. "What did the guard say was the next station? Did he say Cockle-on-the-Shell?"

"Excuse me," remonstrated the girl from Girton. "You mean what is the next station. It's still a station, you know."

"You're wrong, madam," interposed an octogenarian. "What is was, isn't it?"

"Is is was?" asked the Girton girl sharply.

"Don't be ridiculous!" snapped the nervous old lady. "Was may be is. But if was was is, then is isn't is or was wasn't was." She passed her hand across her fevered brow. "If was is, was is was, isn't it?" she continued. "But if is is was, then"—

"Listen!" interposed a fifth. "Is is, was was, was was was, is is is."

"Oh, well, anyway," cried the old lady, "is the next station my station—Cockle-on-the-Shell?"

"No, madam," replied the octogenarian. "But it was. We have just gone by it."—London Scraps.

A Candid Retrospect.

"Why are you in this prison, my friend?" asked the philanthropist.

"It was the result of my own folly."

"In what way were you foolish?"

"I didn't employ the right kind of a lawyer for my case."—Washington Star.

Outrages of the Telephone.

That the telephone has blessed many a man, saved many lives and helped pile up fortunes is true, but has it not cursed some women, ruined more lives and hastened domestic misfortune? It has. Has it not become the favorite pastime of the women with nothing to do? It has. Does it not accelerate gossip and aid the flirt and the wayward constantly? It does. Self indulgent women waste their husbands' money by ordering food over the too handy telephone rather than bother to dress for the street, thereby losing both their wholesome morning exercise and their chance thriftily to secure the best there is for the price at market or at stores from which the family larder is supplied. The time wasted by women in foolish phoning can never be offset by time gained by forehanded men in business, for what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world if his "world" is lost through folly?

Telephoning, from a habit, finally becomes a vice and a menace to the courtesies. It has destroyed the fine art of social correspondence. It has crowned Haste with Courtesy's laurel.—Minnie Thomas Antrim in Lippincott's.

Old Names For Guns.

As the use of artillery became more common and the advantages of portability and a greater rapidity of fire were recognized guns, except among the orientals, became smaller, but of better workmanship and construction. Inventors began to try their hands at all sorts of improvements or attempts at improvement, and in the course of a hundred years or so the number of different pieces of cannon, large and small, "mazzle or breechloading," was simply legion. There were cannon, culvrin royal and demi-cannon; three or four classes of culverins, bombards, mortars, perriers, serpentines, carthouns, curtalls, passevolans or sakers, minions, bastilisks, organs, sakers, minions, mojanes, falcons and falconets, robinets, fowlers, bases, slings, portpieces, murderers, drakes, aspics, double dogs and bastons, to say nothing of chimbaquin, flying dragons and partridge mortars.—Gentleman's Magazine.

A Cutting Retort.

Before dinner, at the house of a rich banker in Florence, Colonel (afterward the Earl of) Dundas had said some sharp things about the crudities of Americans. Notwithstanding this rudeness it fell to his lot to take Mme. Bonaparte (Betsy Patterson) in to table. He impertinently asked Mme. Bonaparte if she had read Basil Hall's book on America, in which he pronounced all Americans vulgarians.

"Yes, Colonel Dundas," she answered, "but it did not surprise me in the least. If my compatriots were descended from the Italians or Spanish, any display of low breeding might astonish me; but, being the direct descendants of Englishmen, it is natural enough that they should be vulgarians."

Cursory.

"Eddie," said the teacher, "can you give a definition of cursory? The word is generally used in connection with public speaking. For example, we often read that somebody 'made a few cursory remarks.' Please write a sentence containing the word cursory."

After a brief struggle Eddie evolved this masterpiece:

"Yesterday my pa helped my ma to hang pictures, and when the ladder fell after pa had climbed to the top of it he bumped his head against the corner of the dining room table and then made a few cursory remarks."—Chicago Record-Herald.

On Their Minds.

"I've got something on my mind that I've got to get rid of," said the author, bursting in and seizing a pad and pencil.

"And when you have got rid of it and have received a check for it there is something down in the milliner's window that I want to get on my mind," said the author's wife, picking up his hat, coat and umbrella.—Exchange.

Desirable.

A lady just arrived from Australia was recently negotiating with an agent in London for a house in one of the newer districts of Kensington. She asked if it was a nice neighborhood.

"It is thoroughly desirable, madam," replied the house agent. "They are, without exception, soup and fish families."

The Amateur Laundress.

"If I were you," he said as they started out to dinner, "I'd get me another washerwoman. That waist of yours is very badly ironed. What's the matter?" for suddenly he saw a tear in the eye of the impecunious girl.

"I ironed it myself," said she.

A Modest Request.

Husband of Gifted Writer—Is your novel nearly done?

Gifted Writer—Yes, my dear, but my hero must die, you know.

"Well, after he's dead, will you sew this button on for me?"—Fliegende Blatter.

The Lesson.

Sunday School Teacher—What do we learn from the story of the man who was told to take up his bed and walk? Small Sammie—We learn that they had folding beds in ancient times.—Chicago News.

Made Him Sick.

"What's the matter? You look awfully white, Sensick?"

"Naw. There's a girl down below reading a love letter aloud to another girl."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

THE CHAPERON.

How She Came to Withdraw One of the Camp Rules.

By CLYDE LAWRENCE.

[Copyright, 1900, by Associated Literary Press.]

"Young ladies, I wish to make an important announcement," said Miss Darboy, teacher of the class in French at the Wellington private school for young ladies.

The fourteen young ladies looked up in expectancy.

"During the summer vacation, beginning two weeks hence, I shall have tents on the shore of the lake, and such of you as can arrange it with your parents may summer there. There will be boating, bathing and fishing. Fresh meats and vegetables will be supplied every day. It is a new departure, and I hope it will be a success."

It was seen that she hadn't quite finished yet, and the applause was withheld.

"It will be a young ladies' camp in the strictest sense of the word," she continued. "No members of the other sex will be permitted near it. Farmer Jackson will see to that. That is all. Hand in your names as soon as possible, please."

"Isn't our brothers and cousins be allowed to come to see us?" asked Miss Harden for the rest of the class.

"Impossible," she replied in French. "In your case, Miss Harden, I happen to know that you have neither brothers nor cousins of the male sex."

"But I have it"—

No, she didn't say it. The teacher opened her eyes very wide and drew herself up and frightened her.

Miss Pearl Harden was fatherless, and her widowed mother had only a limited income. There were other pupils who had to consult the matter of income as well, and when Miss Darboy had made up her list for the summer camp it contained seven names. Six of them had to consider it of the rules to be enforced; the seventh said nothing, but seemed to be making a great deal.

Vacation came. The camp was pitched and occupied, and Farmer Jackson took a shotgun and went with the girls with him and kept an eye on the approaches to the camp.

Everything went along quietly for a week, and the camp was lulled into a sense of security. *No* plucky craft approached, and Farmer Jackson went to bed with conscience free from killing. Then Miss Darboy took chances. She wanted some things from her room in the village, and she arranged with the driver of the provision wagon to ride up with him.

Halfway to town a wheel came off the vehicle, and after gazing at the wreck for five minutes the driver announced that no four wheeled wagon could continue its mad career on three wheels. This meant that Miss Darboy must walk. She gave up her errand to go back to her charges. The boy showed her a short cut across the fields and went off with the horses, but he did not warn her to watch out for a red and white bull pasturing in one of the fields.

Miss Darboy soon had one for all her French exclamations. She first heard rumbles like distant thunder, then a savage below, then a trembling of the earth and the sight of a creature bearing down upon her. She ran, of course. There were two shade trees standing close together, and she reached one and had gained a perch ten feet high while the bull stopped to sniff at the hat that had blown from her head. Women are not natural climbers, but under stress of peril they have been known to add that feat to their many accomplishments.

"Go away—go right away from here!" commanded Miss Darboy in both French and English as the bull came up and pawed and bellowed. He absolutely refused. Then Miss Darboy called for help, but no help came.

An hour had passed when the bull went to the creek to drink. He didn't forget the lady up the tree, however. He kept looking back, and she realized that to descend would bring him back on the charge. He had satisfied his thirst when he suddenly emitted a bellow of defiance and went dashing across the field. There was another intruder. This time it was a young man. He heard the bellow, saw the bull and at once made for the trees. He came up at a hot pace, made a long spring to catch a branch and escaped a vicious sweep of the horns by inches. He had been settled on a branch for three minutes before he heard a voice asking:

"Sir, what shall we do?"

"Good lands, a lady up a tree!" he gasped. "How did you get there?"

"That creature chased me, and I—I climbed."

"I can't hand you my card, but my name is Randall Hope."

"And I am Miss Darboy of the school."

"Y-e-s. You are the French teacher. You have charge of the summer camp. You have issued an edict that no man shall approach it within half a mile. That old farmer with a shotgun turned me back yesterday, and I was trying it again today."

"You wanted to see me?" was asked.

"Oh, no! I wanted to see Miss Harden. I am in love with her, you know."

"Sir, Miss Harden is under my charge, and the rules I have made must be obeyed."

"Well, all right," replied Mr. Hope as he settled himself more comfortably on his perch. "I was honest enough to tell you that I was in love with Miss Harden, but if I'm to be kept out of the camp I'll stay here. Nice afternoon, isn't it? Are you enjoying your vacation?"

Miss Darboy looked across at him in indignation and muttered to herself in French. She was just about to announce that she would descend and go straight to camp when the bovine, who had been quiet for a moment, began pawing and bellowing. She therefore changed her mind and humbly asked:

"Won't he get tired and leave us pretty soon?"

"It will take a week to tire him out," was the reply. "Yes, I expect to be here for at least seven days. You can see how mad and determined he is. You had better tie yourself to a limb, so that when you grow weak from hunger you will not fall to the ground."

"Merci! Merci! But you can't mean it, monsieur!"

"You had started for the village, probably. When you don't return the girls will think you have eloped. This is just the season for elopements, you know. Let me stand up and look for the camp. I see it. The girls are running around in wild excitement. A boat with a man in it is drawing near, and you are not there to shoo him away."

"Oh, my unhappy self!" moaned Miss Darboy. "I shall be blamed. No one will believe me. I shall be disgraced!"

The teacher shed tears in French and was quiet for a few minutes. Mr. Hope watched her and saw that a mental struggle was going on. He was too wise to interrupt, and presently she said in very humble English:

"Mr. Hope, does Miss Harden's mother know that you love her daughter?"

"I was to have seen her tomorrow to tell her and ask her consent to the marriage."

"Mr. Hope, can the creature below be driven away?" interrogated Miss Darboy, with hope in her tones.

"Possibly."

"And it needn't get to the young ladies' ears that I was up a tree?"

"Not unless you tell the story yourself."

"And you could accompany me to camp the same as if I had met you in the village?"

"Just the same. Yes, I could accompany you to camp, and I could take a stroll with Miss Harden and have a talk, and you could let some of the officer fellows pay calls and add to the zest"—

"Mr. Hope, proceed to drive the creature hence."

Mr. Hope dropped his handkerchief to the grass, and while the bull was sniffing at it the young man swung down and grabbed him by the tail and twisted and shouted. Away went the frightened bovine on a gallop, and Miss Darboy was assisted down. Two hours later she was saying to her campers:

"Young ladies, I beg to announce that the restriction against male visitors to this camp has, for good and sufficient reasons, been withdrawn. No applause, please."

Forgotten by Death.

Once upon a time, in the days when things never happened, there lived a man who feared only one thing and that was death. If he could live forever, he thought, how fine it would be. Maybe Death overheard him and decided to grant his wish, or perhaps being busy taking off young children, promising young men and women, or parents who were needed, Death simply forgot him. At any rate, the man lived on and on. He outlived his family, his descendants, generation after generation, all his friends, and the descendants of his friends. No one knew him, and his day of usefulness was so long ago that, having none of the hopes, ambitions, or experiences of today, it was as if he talked in a different language. He lived on, and on, and forever, but Death had forgotten him, and though he prayed to die as fervently as he had once prayed to live, he couldn't die. And if you sorrow for one who has lost his life, think how much worse it would be to never lose it; to be like this tired old man whom Death has forgotten.—Atchison Globe.

Tibetan Skull Drums.

A drum of an extreme repulsiveness of nature is one used by the lamas of Tibet at some of their church ceremonies. For this the craniums of two skulls, preferably children's, are taken, and over the concave side of each is stretched the skin of a snake. The two skulls are then cemented at the vertice to either side of a wooden disk covered with a cotton cloth, the stretched skins being outermost. These drums are often ornamented by having the heads of devils and such like horrors, the more repulsive the better, painted upon them in red and blue colors. The method employed in playing them is rather curious. To the wooden disk between the two halves a cord is fastened by which the drum can be suspended and then rapidly rotated. Two short cords with knobs at their ends hang down in such a way that as the drum revolves they strike alternately on either face and thus produce a regular "tum, tum."

The Soft Answer.

Mr. Blower—Your automobile hit me, but I got its number all right!

Fair Occupant—So nice. It will make a capital decoration for your den.—Puck.

Between the Acts.

Dolly—My new suit will be finished tomorrow.

Molly—Tailor or divorce.—New York Herald.

Official Directory

STATE.

Governor—Edwin S. Stuart
Lieutenant Governor—Kobt. E. Murphy.
State Treasurer—John O. Sheats
Auditor General—Robert K. Young.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—Henry Houck.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bouton, Smethport.
Member of Congress—C. F. Barclay, Sinnemahoning.
State Senator—Frank E. Baldwin, Austin
Members of Assembly—James A. McKean, Smethport; E. W. Hilton, Smethport.
District Attorney—Guy B. Mayo, Smethport.
Sheriff—Wm. H. Morrison, Smethport.
Prothonotary—B. F. Stanley, Smethport
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—Frank E. Foster, Smethport
County Treasurer—F. F. Isherwood, Bradford
Commissioners—A. M. Marsh, Bradford Twp.; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; John P. Boylin, Bradford
Com'rs' Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—H. H. Adsit, Bradford; W. G. Holder, Smethport.
Auditors—A. A. Abbey, Smethport; A. R. Anderson, Clermont; A. R. Cary, Coryville
Coroner—E. R. Sherman, Bradford
County School Superintendent—Burdette S. Bayle, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—S. H. Cleveland.
Council—E. E. Heath, president; F. H. Bicker, secretary; J. W. Wallis, S. W. Workley, G. H. Deming, F. L. Sherburne, J. C. Buckus, H. H. Sisco.
Justice—R. C. Gleason.
Constable—C. R. Foote.
School Directors—D. C. Young, president; F. D. Gallup, sec'y.; W. F. Speght, treas.; John B. Eastman, H. H. Hatfield, John Clark.
Collector—R. C. Gleason.
Assessor—G. H. Hyde.
Auditors—J. A. Swanson, C. B. Corwin, W. R. Stark.
Judge of Election—H. S. Rubin.
Inspectors of Election—E. T. Daly, E. M. McClure.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.

CHARLES W. MASSER, W. M.
W. A. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiary degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.

WARD BURDICK, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 2273, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.

J. C. CUNNINGHAM, Chief Patriarch.
J. A. SWANSON, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first Thursday afternoon of each month at 2 p. m. in the Odd Fellows Hall.

B. F. WRIGHT, Com.
R. M. CHOATE, Adjutant.

I. O. O. F. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, Friday afternoon.

CYRUS ABBEY, Com.
BELLE EAGAN, R. K.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Saturday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.

Miss E. A. BARNES, Pres.
Mrs. MARY E. RITCHMOND, Sec'y.

T. R. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.

C. M. COLLENDER, Pres.
JENNIE FRIEDPACHER, Secretary.

[illegible] No. 14, O. U. A. M.—Meets [illegible] in Odd [illegible]

[illegible] A. M. BAYLE, W. M.
[illegible] COLLENDER, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday [illegible] I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree Monday; Warrior's degree and [illegible] Chief's degree 3rd Monday.

M. S. GEARY, C.
E. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches

METHODIST EPISCOPAL.—W. A. Harris, pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 10:00 a. m.; preaching at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school at 11:45 a. m.; Junior League at 1:30 p. m.; Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.; evening service at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Wednesday at 8 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber [illegible] rector. Services every Sunday at [illegible] a. m. and [illegible] p. m. Additional service [illegible] except on first Sunday of each [illegible] Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—[illegible] Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, rector. Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic church—[illegible] Durkin pastor. Services in Swedish Lutheran church at 9 a. m. one Sunday and at 10:30 a. m. on the next.

First Baptist Church.—T. D. Ware, pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m.; Sunday school at 12 m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 7 p. m. Ladies Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the second Monday evening of each month at 7:30 o'clock. All are invited.

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JIMMY'S OPPORTUNITY.

A Very Important Conversation That Settled Matters.

By HARRIET LUMMIS SMITH.

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Jimmy Fitzgerald was downcast. Everybody was against him, he told himself, and in that sweeping generalization he included even Carroll. For if it had not been for Carroll's connivance, her tame submission to the maneuvers of interfering relatives, the words which had trembled on his lips for three dragging months would have been spoken long ago.

From the standpoint of a disinterested spectator Jimmy was ready to admire the cleverness which so far had circumvented him. "Good team work," he denominated it. The ingenious air with which Grandmother Reynolds would appeal to claim Carroll's assistance in regard to a dropped stitch in her knitting just when Jimmy was bringing matters to a climax and Carroll was turning a most becoming pink was only equaled by the childlike innocence with which Carroll's small brother would rush bawling into the library with a bloody handkerchief held to his nose, interrupting an eloquent outbreak beginning "Since the first hour I saw you"—

In Jimmy's estimation this was all the harder to bear because he was so perfectly eligible. Character and prospects alike were beyond question. The most serious accusation that could be brought against the match was that both of them were young. Carroll's sister, Marie, was of the opinion that an engagement would be absurd, and Jimmy thought he knew why. If George Freeman, Marie's latest admirer had been as eager to propose as Jimmy was, the latter young man felt positive that no obstacles would be put in his way.

With a duplicity foreign to his usually frank nature, Jimmy lost no opportunity of expressing to Freeman the admiration with which Marie inspired him. If the elder sister were once engaged or, better still, married, Jimmy believed there would be hope for him.

Meanwhile the family opposition showed itself in a system of espionage which kept Jimmy's great avowal unspoken. If he suggested a walk, either Mrs. Reynolds declared that Carroll's cold would not permit her to venture out or Marie invited herself to accompany them. If the theater, a chaperon was necessary. Whole souled co-operation on Carroll's part would have relieved the situation, but the girl knew so well what Jimmy wanted that her modesty shrank from giving him anything but the most negative assistance. Accordingly Jimmy decided that she, too, was against him and gave himself up to thoughts of unutterable gloom.

He called one afternoon wearing an expression of grim determination which, if he had known it, put the conspirators on their guard. He was ushered into the family living room, and Mrs. Reynolds entertained him till Carroll came down. Jimmy made a few inane comments on the weather, his eyes devouring the pretty girlish figure seated demurely in the opposite corner.

"It's too fine a day for the house," said Jimmy. "Suppose we take a little walk."

"Really, Carroll, dear," said Mrs. Reynolds before Carroll could reply, "it won't do for you to leave the house. Mrs. Baker is likely to want you any moment. We have a dressmaker here, Mr. Fitzgerald," she continued, turning to Jimmy with her most charming smile.

"Can't we sit on the piazza?" suggested Jimmy. Carroll agreed to the suggestion. But, as it proved, her small brother, Bob, who is in possession of the hammock, got to be tantalized for two hours, cultivating the occasion by describing the events of the ball team.

An ear splitting whistle in the rear of the house relieved them at length of Bob's company. Without delay Jimmy plunged into the subject uppermost in his mind.

"Carroll, there's something I want to say to you"—

"Carroll, Mrs. Baker is ready for you," said Marie's voice behind the parlor shutters. That she had been waiting there, biding her time, Jimmy could not doubt. Then the gate clicked, and Mr. Reynolds came up the walk. He settled himself in the chair Carroll had vacated, and he and Jimmy talked politics till dinner time.

The young man refused an invitation to remain to dinner. He went away with a lowering brow and a heavy heart. But at half past 9 that evening the telephone bell rang, interrupting a game of bridge going on in the den. Carroll, who was nearest to the insistent instrument, pushed back her chair and went to answer the summons.

"Hello—hello! Oh, yes, this is Carroll." She turned a pretty, flushed face toward the three at the card table. "Please don't talk for a minute. I can't hear."

The next minute she heard very distinctly, for the room had become absolutely still, and the voice at the other end of the wire was clear and penetrating.

"This is Jimmy, Carroll. There's something I've been trying to say to you for three months. And I'm going to say it now."

"Why, I don't see"—

"Well, it doesn't matter whether you see or not. Just listen. Ever since I met you on Phil Reynolds' yacht a year ago I've loved you—from the very first hour."

"Oh, hush!"

"I'm not going to hush. I think about you every minute while I'm awake and dream about you when I'm asleep. I'm not any good any more, and I shan't be till I find out whether you care for me or not. And if you don't I'm going to the Philippines or somewhere."

"Don't talk so loud."

"I don't care who hears me. I've kept it to myself just as long as I can, Carroll, darling, can't you care for me a little?"

"Sh! Come tomorrow."

"I'll come tomorrow fast enough if you tell me what I want to hear. Haven't I been coming day after day for months without getting a chance to tell you that I love the very ground you walk on? And now I've got it I'm going to wait till you say yes or no. If you can't love me I might as well"—

Abruptly the voice ceased. Carroll waited expectantly. Then a terrible suspicion flashed through her mind which in a moment had become a certainty. Tremulously she accused the operator, "You've cut me off."

"What number do you want?" replied that young woman.

"Oh, I don't know. I haven't any idea. Oh, why did you cut me off just then?"

The trio at the card table were staring at her strangely. "How absurdly you are acting, Carroll," exclaimed Marie sharply. "Come and finish the game."

"Yes, come and finish the game, Carroll," said her father. "The other matter can be settled another time, I hope."

"We've got 'em on the run, Miss Carroll," chuckled George Freeman, who happened to be Carroll's partner.

Slowly the girl moved toward her place. What would Jimmy think? Perhaps he would believe that she had deliberately hung up the receiver, preferring this way of giving him his answer. And he had spoken of the Philippines. She grew a little dizzy and groped for her chair.

Just at that moment the telephone rang again, and Carroll bounded toward it, her agility in surprising contrast to her late uncertainty and feebleness.

"Hello! Hello!"

"Hello, Jimmy. I will. I mean I do."

A long pause. "I suppose it's too late for me to come up this evening," suggested Jimmy tentatively.

"Of course not. Only hurry." She hung up the receiver and turned a radiant face. Again Marie looked suspicious.

"That must have been a very important conversation," she said scathingly. "I hope it's settled now."

Carroll answered her with a dignity in which there was no suggestion of the downtrodden younger sister.

"It is," she replied. "Jimmy and I are engaged."

His Rivals.

In Turkey it often happens that marriages are arranged affairs—arranged by the parents of the man and the woman. Such was the case, says Demetra Vaka in Harem Life, with Halil Bey and his bride. They had never seen each other, and at first it did not look as if the match would be a good one, since the lady was buried deep in German philosophies, in which the gentleman had little interest.

By the time I had parted from Halil Bey's fiancee I was so filled up with high ideals that I kept thinking, "Poor Halil Bey!"

The next morning I found Halil Bey in the garden, very impatient to hear all about his fiancee.

"Tell me," he cried out as soon as we had shaken hands, "is she beautiful?"

"Very," I answered, "but, my poor boy, she is crazy over Kant and Schopenhauer."

"Who are they?" he bellowed, thunder in his voice and fire in his eyes. "Tell me quick, and I will draw every drop of blood from their veins!"

"I have no doubt," I said, "that in a fist to fist encounter you would have the best of them, but they are both dead and gone, and only their miserable books are left to fight against."

"Oh," he laughed, "is that all? I think I can take care of that."

As events turned out, he did.

The Restful Life.

"We must live rhythmically if we would live healthfully," writes Grace Dawson in "How to Rest and Be Rested." "To live rhythmically we must not always strain tense nerves and muscles. We must learn to relax, that we may know how to economize our nervous and muscular power, so that some part of us will always be resting while another is at work. This is living by the law of rhythm. It is the secret of working tirelessly, resting restfully, resisting disease, throwing off morbid feelings, of living healthfully and feeling zest and enjoyment in our lives."

We are living unrhythmically when we lie awake in the night with harassed, with anxious, worrying thoughts; when we rush to the station in great anxiety and reach it in such good time that we catch the train before the one we went for; whenever we get a feeling of being 'rushed' or 'driven' or 'tied to time.'"

Case of Extreme Cruelty.

Algy Apely—Yaas, she bwoke Fwed dic's heart. He nevah wecovered.

Percy Primrose—Deuce y' say! How'd she do it?

Algy Apely—Why, the day after the death boy bwoke their engagement she had a million left her.—Detroit Free Press.

THE TONGUE.

It Appears That This Organ Can Be Eloquent Even When Silent.

From the observations made by a physiognomist it appears that the tongue when quite still can be as eloquent in giving its owner away as when it is wagging sixteen to the dozen. This is a hard fact for a silent man to swallow—in silence. His only remedy is to keep well so as to obviate the necessary injunction of the doctor to put his tongue out, for by this thrust out sign the doctor shall know him.

The tongue of the talker when obtruded inclines to the right side of the mouth, we are asked to believe, whereas the seldom used tongue gravitates to the left side. Orators, preachers and barristers are endowed with right sided tongues. Veritably parsimonious persons have left sided tongues.

Furthermore, "the tongue that shoots out straight without turning or wavering indicates a solid, reliable man of affairs." Tongues that turn up indicate impractical natures. A downward drooping tongue belongs to a person born to poverty and a ready eye for the hopeless side of things.

The cruel tongue flattens and broadens when extended. The delicate speaking organ with curled up edges is the property of an imaginative and artistic being. When the tongue issues forth as if gripped in a dental vise it signifies a love of life more than ordinary.

Finally we are warned that the individual who thrusts forth his tongue to its extremest verge is a person to whom no secret should ever be confided, for he is an irresponsible chatterer.—London Chronicle.

HE WANTED A PARROT.

The Use to Which the Old Man Would Put the Green Bird.

We are all striving for two things—success and happiness. To get these many of us are struggling for a third fortune. In striving to attain our desires, many of us need a green parrot. In a little town in Iowa, in the midst of a great stretch of timber and meadow, a man built a castle. Something over $25,000 he spent in building a home. It was finished within with the finest polished woods. The foundation was of brownstone, the windows of French plate, and every detail was carried out in the best manner. He had grown to be an old man. He had always lived in a modest cottage of six rooms. This mansion had fifteen. On one side there was a magnificent stone arch over the paved drive that led up to the house. He had just completed showing a friend over the place and reached this point when the visitor exclaimed:

"Well, John, you ought to be happy. This is a magnificent home. Here is everything one could wish for."

"Waal," replied the old man, who was a cattle buyer, "a fellow always wants something else."

"What on earth could you want?" was the query.

"A green parrot to hang up thar in the drive."

"Why a green parrot?"

"So every morning afore I drive out he would say, 'John, you're a darn fool.'"—Cleveland Press.

Couldn't Turn It.

The eye of little Willie's teacher was sad and sorry, for, notwithstanding that he was her favorite pupil he stood before her convicted of the heinous charge of a theft of candy from a fellow pupil. It was a first offense, however, and she did not desire to inflict corporal punishment. A moral lecture, she thought, would fit the case.

"Bear in mind, Willie," she concluded, "that these temptations can be resisted if determination is used. Always turn a deaf ear to temptation."

Little Willie's lip trembled.

"But, teacher," he answered, "I ain't got a deaf ear."

Making Hubby Appreciative.

A doctor tells of a note he received from a woman saying that her husband, who was about to make him a professional call, found constant fault with the dinner she prepared for him. She appealed to the physician for aid. The doctor examined his patient, who had a slight attack of indigestion, and told him to cut out luncheons, to eat nothing but a slice of toast and a cup of tea. The scheme worked excellently. Of course hubby returns home in the evening, eats everything in sight, and votes his wife's cooking even better than mother used to make.—Boston Record.

Thrifty.

A Scotsman and his wife were traveling from Leith to London by boat. When off the Yorkshire coast a great storm arose and the vessel had several narrow escapes from foundering.

"Oh, Sandy," moaned his wife, "I'm na afeard o' deein', but I dinna care to dee at sea."

"Dinna think o' deein' yet," answered Sandy; "but when ye do, ye'd better be drooned at sea than anywhere else."

"An' why, Sandy?" asked his wife.

"Why?" exclaimed Sandy. "Because ye wouldna cost sae muckle to bury."

Good Advice.

"Young man," said the boss, "come hither and listen." He approached. "When you've made a mistake forget it and go on to the next job. Don't potter around all day adding a lot of finishing touches."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

There never was a day that did not bring its own opportunity for doing good that never could have been done before and never can be again.—W. H. Burleigh.

WITH FLYING COLORS.

The Incident That Ended His Period of Probation.

By CLARICE ENGLE.

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A man picked his way slowly along the sun baked trail that led westward to Taggart across the desert. It was high noon and the day had been hot and dry and the man's throat was parched with thirst. This did not tend to lessen his ferocious aspect nor to soften the anger that glowed in his eyes. It was all due to his visit that morning to the little ranch a few miles behind, for there he had met with the first failure in his life. He had proposed and been rejected.

It was not Bill Warren's nature to be balked by anything. He usually carried matters his own way and with a high hand, as a result of which he was looked upon as a sort of local "bad man." But this cognomen was applied to him only by people who did not know Bill. In reality no better nor kinder natured man than he ever rode into Taggart.

But Sue Patterson was one of those who were not intimately acquainted with Warren, and this assertiveness she looked upon as something evil. Therefore, although otherwise she liked Warren better than any other of her admirers, she felt that she was acting quite right when she rejected his offer of marriage.

All the consolation that she had given him in answer to his earnest pleading was that she would put him on an indefinite probation and if he came through it with flying colors why—she would think about it.

All of which Warren took too literally, and he thought that she had spoken thus only to soften her refusal. He became angry at the thought of it.

She don't care nothin' for me," he muttered savagely, "an' I know why. It's all along of that sneakin' coyote, Ralph Henderson. Been to Frisco an' seen a few things an' comes out here to lord it over us. I know the brand. She's plumb loco over the cuss, too, an' he ain't no gum. No," he finished spitefully, "he ain't no man."

He rode on across the desert in a sort of dulled consciousness, with his hat pulled well down over his eyes. At length, toward the middle of the afternoon, he came into the foothills. Before him lay the Tooth of Time, the largest mountain in that vicinity. Beyond it, ten miles to the westward, was Taggart. This necessitated his taking the trail that wound round the slope of the mountain. This trail was hardly more than a well trodden footpath and was only wide enough to permit a single rider upon it. One side of it sloped up at an angle of almost eighty degrees. The other formed the side of a precipice that dropped a sheer 200 feet to the sandy ravine below.

As he rode over the trail, lost in thought, Warren was dead to external sounds. He did not notice the fidgeting of his horse nor his frightened whinnies. He had no intimation whatever that any one was approaching along the trail from the opposite direction. And yet not a hundred feet ahead of him a horse and rider were rounding the curve of the mountain. Neither noticed the other until they were fifty feet apart. Then by some strange intuition both raised their heads. Recognition was mutual and instantaneous, for the man ahead of Warren was Ralph Henderson.

The faces of both men paled with fear. Not in years had two men met on that narrow trail, and it seemed some strange intervention of destiny that it should be Warren and Henderson. While the face of the cattleman grew anxious, that of Henderson became quickly overshot with a crafty cunning.

"Hello!" he drawled pleasantly.

"Hello!" muttered Warren nervously.

"Well, what are we going to do about it?" the city man continued. "It looks as if you'd have to go back."

"Not by a —— sight!" snapped Warren. "There's no turning about for either of us. We'll have to manage to pass each other. The place seems pretty wide here."

"Flip a coin for the inner side," suggested the other, suddenly reaching a hand into his pocket.

"Right," agreed Warren, "but let's have a look at it first."

Henderson's face turned scarlet and he stayed his hand. "I declare, I'm all out of coin," he rattled sheepishly.

"Here's an eagle," replied Warren, with narrow eyes. "Heave her up! Heads I pass on the inside, tails I pass on the outside."

He tossed the coin to Henderson as he spoke who, pale faced and hesitating, fumbled with it a moment and let it fly up into the air with a twirl of a veteran trickster. It fell down on the trail at their feet, ringing out clear and cold.

"Tails!" cried the city man, overcome with excitement. His face resumed something of its natural color and the old craftiness stole into his eyes.

Warren accepted his fate nonchalantly, although he knew that it might mean death for him. There was one thing about it, however, that galled him. He well knew that Henderson was on his way to the Patterson ranch, and it came to him as a rather bitter thought that he might have to play the martyr and sacrifice his own life in order that the man could do so. But without a word he pressed his pony's ribs with his heels and rode forward.

Henderson had drawn his horse as close as he could against the side of the mountain, but he seemed overtaken by fits of nervousness, for the reins shook in his hands and the color came and went in his dark cheeks.

The ledge where Warren would have to pass Henderson was somewhat wider than the rest of the trail, and he rode forward light hearted and confident that he would easily accomplish it. But just as he brushed against the side of Henderson the latter suddenly drove his spurs with great force against his horse's ribs. With a snort of terror the animal plunged madly forward, dislodging the other horse and rider and sending them hurtling down and over the edge of the precipice. Then he went careening down the slope.

The breath went out of Warren as soon as he felt himself falling, and under the sickening sensation that ensued he lost consciousness. A stinging pain in his leg finally awoke him. Bruised and bleeding, he now sat up and gazed about him. He had landed in the branches of a tree that jutted out from the slope of the mountain. Down below on the sand he could see the form of his horse, dead as a stone.

The first thing Warren did was to swear. Then he looked to his leg. It had been broken just below the knee. As he started to wrap his handkerchief about it he heard a sound from above. Over the rim of the precipice a bushy head was peering.

"Hello!" it called. "Kin ye manage if I send down a rope?"

"Sure," Warren yelled back.

A minute later the end of a lariat came whirling down through space. Warren caught it, made it fast about his body, and then clinging to it with both hands, ordered the man above to hoist away. A few moments later he crawled up over the ledge and lay panting for breath at old Jem Patterson's feet.

"I seen the hull thing, Bill," began the latter as he undid the rope about the man's body. "Henderson will swing for this or I'll shoot him on sight. I was comin' along a mile behind him an' I seen him jab the buckskin and then scoot." But Warren was unconscious before the man finished speaking, and Patterson lifted him up on his pony after great difficulty and started down the trail for home.

When Warren next regained consciousness he was lying on a bed in a dimly lighted room. Soft hands were bandaging his head and soothing words fell from the lips of their owner. Warren opened his eyes and took in the situation at a glance.

"Sue," he demanded fiercely, "has that skunk been here?"

"Sh!" she murmured, touching a finger to his lips. "He has not been here. Evidently he has skipped the country. Father has told me all about it—the honorable way in which you acted and Henderson's treachery. You have indeed behaved splendidly."

"Sue!" cried the man eagerly, starting up.

"Be quiet," she admonished smilingly. Then she added, "Your probation is over, and you have come through it nobly."

And then Warren claimed his own.

Builder of the Great Wall of China.

To superstitious notions Chin added the lust of luxury, his life being a blaze of oriental magnificence. He built a wonderful palace, which has been described in the Imperial History as having certain gorgeous annexes attached at intervals, the whole extending over a distance of a hundred miles. In consequence of his life of luxury perhaps he became more and more a prey to superstition, and it may be that because of this he completed the Great Wall. At any rate, history records that he was informed by prophecy that in time he would be overwhelmed and destroyed by outside enemies. So he mobilized an army of 300,000 men to work on the Great wall and if necessary to fight in its behalf. Chin's design, evidently, was to inclose his massive empire in a rampart which should have the shape of a horseshoe, with the heel calks at the ocean shore. He did not plan to parallel the coast with a wall, doubtless considering that seaside an ample protection to a country vast and densely populated. The wall is not for modern use. It is an ancient fossil, the largest fossil on the earth. But fossils are useful and truthful. It is a dividing line between two civilizations and between two eras. In space it cut off the herdsmen of the north from the tillers of the south.—William Edgar Geil in Harper's.

Why She Was Glad.

A young Louisville man who was out west not long ago has returned, telling a yarn which he admits is not at his own expense, but which he declares to be about one of the most interesting experiences of even his checkered career.

"I was walking along the street in a western town," he said, "when suddenly across the way I saw a Louisville girl whom I recognized immediately. She saw me, too, and I expected her to bow rather coolly and distantly, as had been her wont back home. I was considerably astonished, therefore, when she dashed across the street, seized me with both hands and fairly bubbled over in her delight. I was so surprised, in fact, that I commented on it.

"'I'm glad to see you, too,' I said when I had managed to extricate myself from her exuberant greeting; 'but, to tell you the truth, I hadn't expected to see you so excited over my appearance. You always treated me rather a la iceberg at home, you know. What has caused your change of heart?'

"She was nonplused for only a moment and then explained, 'Mr. Smith, I've been away from home so long that I'd be glad to see even a dog if he came from Kentucky!'

"I let it go at that."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

THE DIAMOND CUTTER.

His Skill Has Much to Do With the Brilliancy of the Gem.

When the expert looks at a diamond he can tell you in a moment where it came from and even whether it was cut lately or some years ago. He knows by its color whence it comes, for the color of the Brazilian diamond differs from that of the South African, and even in South Africa different colors are found in different mines.

In the rough the diamond has little brilliancy, for there is a crust that must be cut away before it can properly refract the light, and it is this power of refraction which makes the brilliancy of a diamond and has everything to do with its value in the market. The skill of the diamond cutter has much to do with bringing out this brilliancy. He must do the most he can with the rough stone before him and lose as little as possible of the precious weight in the stone.

Diamonds are found in all kinds of queer shapes, for the carbon may be in any position while being crystallized, and the act of crystallization may affect only parts of that carbon. When the expert cutter has a rough diamond before him he judges almost instantly how it will cut to the greatest advantage. If it inclines to the pear shape he will make a pear shaped diamond of it. If it be square or round the cutting will follow the natural lines as closely as possible, so that the loss may be reduced to a minimum.

To make the stone as brilliant as possible the diamond cutter cuts many facets so as to refract the light from as many points as he can. A full cut brilliant has at least forty-eight facets, and so expert are the cutters that they often cut diamonds so small that it requires a hundred to weigh a carat. Each has forty-eight facets.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

SARATOGA'S SPRINGS.

The Water Was First Used by the Indians as a "Cure."

The Saratoga Springs "cure" antedated the settlement of this community by the white man, when the High Rock spring was only a bubbling spring of fresh water spring. Finding that their health was improved by the water, they believed that it must have medicinal qualities, and from that time all sick Indians were brought to High Rock spring for the healing of their ills. The outward and visible sign that impressed the red men was the deposit of the salts of the water about the spring in the form of a cone called tufa, which still exists and from which it received its name and through and over which the water bubbles to this day.

In 1800 the Congress spring was discovered and became renowned the world over as a saline cathartic. This, combined with the sulphurous iron water of the Putnam spring, made Saratoga Springs famous as the leading health resort of the United States. The remainder of the thirty-five mineral springs were discovered from time to time, and all have a wide therapeutic application in the treatment of almost all chronic diseases and are divided into four groups according to their component parts. These groups are: First, sodic, muriated, alkaline, saline, cathartic; second, sodic, calcic, muriated, alkaline saline; third, chalybeate; fourth, sulphur.—National Magazine.

Living Over Catacombs.

Paris, in many of its districts, is built over the catacombs, says Harper's Weekly. These vast subterranean chambers and galleries produce that peculiar cavernous sound which is heard in the Luxembourg, Montparnasse, Vaugirard, Montrouge and Montsouris quarters, when heavy carts pass rapidly along the coarsely metaled roads. The streets are then like monstrous drums beating funeral marches to the grave over that vast common grave of ten centuries of Parisians with its millions of skeleton dead. That quaint little Gothic house at the corner of the Boulevard Raspail, which many an American artist must remember from his student days, actually has a private staircase leading to the catacombs from beneath a hermetically closed stone slab just in front of the doorstep.

Lincoln as He Knew Him.

Asked under the civil service rules to write what he knew about Abraham Lincoln, an applicant for the police force of New York wrote:

"Abraham Lincoln was born in Kentucky at a very early age. His father moved the family to Ohio, floating down the Mississippi. If he had not been killed by a murderer he might be living today. He was an intelligent man and could easily have been president of New York city."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Needed Airing.

"What's the matter with you?" demanded Borem hotly. "I've got a right to air my opinions, haven't I?"

"Oh, of course," replied Brightly. "They're so stale and musty they certainly need something of that sort."—Philadelphia Press.

Suspended.

"I have decided to suspend your sentence," the judge began.

"For the Lord's sake, judge, you don't mean to say lifting a few chickens is a hanging matter!"—New York Herald.

Rare Exception.

"I rather pride myself on one thing," said the young father. "Although I have the brightest, smartest, cutest, best youngster I ever saw, I never brag about him."—Kansas City Times.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—The Odd Fellows' band rendered fine concerts in the band stand on the court house square Saturday and Sunday afternoons. A large crowd enjoyed the Sunday concert and it is to be hoped that they will become a regular affair.

—M. S. Geary is making some extensive alterations in the bar of the Imperial Hotel. The rear partition has been torn out and the bar is being made about double its present length. A counter is also to be put across the back of the enlarged room where lunches will be served. He is also fitting up an adjoining room suitable for serving lunches at tables. This change will be quite an improvement to this popular hotel and will be appreciated by the general public.

—R. C. Gleason has been confined to his home during the past week with blood poisoning. Mr. Gleason recently fell through the back stairway of his building on Main street when one of the steps gave way and struck on the ground some distance below. In the fall Mr. Gleason cut his left knee but thought little of the accident until last Friday when blood poison set in and he has been under the care of Dr. Ostrander since. He is improving nicely and no serious complications are expected.

—The Wright House is soon to have a first-class restaurant in connection with this old and well-known hostelry. A lunch room is being erected between the hotel proper and the annex which will be fitted for short order lunches. The regular dining room will be utilized for larger parties and a ladies' cafe. Mr. Sherburne says he intends to serve all kinds of sea foods in season as well as the other delicacies. A place of this kind will fill a long felt want in Smethport and we trust this venture will be liberally patronized.

Olean's Big Fair.

Olean's Big Fair will commence next Monday. Come and bring your friends and stay for the big night carnival. Among the special attractions at that time will be Mlle. Fuerie & Co., who are famous aeriel trapeze experts. This troupe comes here directly from Europe and will be their first appearance in this city this season. Miss Ting Brondwick with her father will perform many difficult aeriel feats. No one should miss this chance to see this child wonder, as she is only 14 years old. Mr. Huntley the marvelous wire artist who was with us two years ago will be seen again this year, and will have many new and novel effects. These attractions will also be given daily in front of the Grand stand between the heats of the races. The Association has decided to add a class of Standard Bred Horses. This will be known as Section 6 and will have the same class divisions as Section 2. This will allow many horsemen to compete who have not cared to enter their horses in other classes. A monster automobile parade is scheduled for the morning of Labor Day and in the afternoon the much advertised athletic events will take place. A popular feature of the day will be the seven-mile Marathon. Many privileges have been sold, and The Big Fair at Olean will have an unsurpassed Midway. The Baby show entries have been so numerous that it will necessitate using the Grand Stand to accommodate them all. Miss Hazel Lewis of Olean will be the General Superintendent, and will see that all babies are properly tagged and in their respective classes. The price of admission has been reduced to 25 cents and should prove a drawing card, as the majority of fairs charge from 35 to 50 cents. Come and bring your friends.

A Double Surprise.

Last Monday evening sixteen young people assembled at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Dickenson on Bank street and rendered a pleasant and complete surprise in honor of Miss Lizzie Gallup of Buffalo N. Y., and Harry Stickles of Detroit, Mich. All kinds of pastimes were indulged in, such as games, cards, music, etc. At ten o'clock an elegant lunch was served which consisted of coffee, sandwiches, cakes, potato salad and ice cream. About this time Prof. J. E. Chadwick director of the I. O. O. F. Band imagined he smelled something good to eat and through a cordial invitation from Mrs. Geo. Hyde and Miss Elsie Sherer, collected his forces and wended his way in the direction whence came the odor of a bountiful repast the band was soon to share. After having the usual amount of trouble with the torches and other paraphanalia several fine selections were rendered on the lawn. Mr. Chadwick called his boys in and they were treated to an elegant lunch and given a place in the circle of the evening's entertainments. Everybody present had a good time and went home with a light heart and a full stomach.

***

Horsemen Attention.

FOR SALE

A pair, two-year-old, filly, sired by Black Beauty, the famous Hackney stallion, dam Jes McClure the thorobred Morgan Mare. Call or address

F. O. PALMER,
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Summer Millinery.

All that is newest, most becoming and satisfactory in the line of Millinery. The very latest ideas skillfully carried out by trimmers and assistants who know how to secure proper effects.

16tf MRS. CARRIE CLARE.

Have your Lawn Mower put in shape, better than new. Holmes & Gilfillan.

We Pay Your Railroad Fare

H. A. MELDRUM COMPANY

460-470 MAIN STREET, Buffalo, N. Y.

The Fall Fashion Show

Is now on at Buffalo's busiest Department Store with thousands of lovely **New Hats, New Suits, New Shirtwaists, New Dress Goods, New Silks, New Carpets, New Draperies**—biggest gathering in the twelve years of our history—and it is a matter of common knowledge that our prices are always in favor of the customer.

Our splendid new 8-story retail addition is now approaching completion—and will be ready about November first. This means **50,000 square feet more selling space**—and greater conveniences for our public.

We pay back your railroad fare, under the easy conditions prescribed by the Retail Merchants' Board.

460-470 MAIN ST. **H. A. MELDRUM CO.,** BUFFALO, N. Y.

Seventeen Million Breakfasts

Shot from Guns

Last month, Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice were served for seventeen million meals.

Did you ever know foods to come so quickly into such popular favor?

Yet there are many still who don't use them—many who have never tried them. They simply don't know what they miss.

One taste of these crisp, gigantic grains makes one a convert forever. They are irresistible foods.

Think of whole wheat or rice kernels puffed to eight times natural size—made four times as porous as bread.

Think of crisp, brown, nut-like grains which are ready to melt in the mouth.

Think of cereals with the starch granules so broken that the digestive juices act instantly. The most wholesome, most enticing cereal foods in existence.

Don't you want to know, and to let your folks know, the goodness of these new foods?

Puffed Wheat—10c

Puffed Rice—15c

These are the foods invented by Prof. Anderson, and this is his curious process.

The whole wheat or rice kernels are put into sealed guns. Then the guns are revolved for sixty minutes in a heat of 550 degrees.

That fierce heat turns the moisture in the grain to steam, and the pressure becomes tremendous.

Then the guns are unsealed, and the steam explodes. Instantly every starch granule is blasted into a myriad particles.

The kernels of grain are expanded eight times. Yet the coats are unbroken, the shapes are unaltered. We have simply the magnified grain.

One package will tell you why people delight in them. Order it now.

(1) **Made only by The Quaker Oats Company**

For Sale.

Horses, wagons, carriages, buggies, harnesses, robes, farming implements, harvesting machinery and fertilizer. In fact if you want anything to supply the horse or farm, new or second hand, call on or address,

E. W. JONES, Liveryman,
Opp. Court House, Smethport, Pa.

Do you want a new buckboard, a farm wagon, a one horse wagon, a second hand buggy? Come and see us.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN.

Apprentice Girls Wanted for the Millinery Department. Apply at once.

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Subscribe for the MINER.

INSURANCE.

Life, Fire and Accident written by

W. F. SPECHT

SMETHPORT, PA.

In good, reliable companies.

Always Picking.

An amusing story is told of the answer given by a London waif to a Salvation Army captain. The zealous officer had asked the boy what work he did to provide him with food, etc., and the reply was, "I pick strawberries in the summer, I pick hops in the autumn, I pick pockets in the winter, and caturm for the rest of the year."

Stumped.

"Why, Puss, you people here don't know anything about fruit. Out in Oregon we raise apples as big as your head."

"Do you raise peaches as big as Uncle Phil?"

"Why—er—ah!"—Chicago Tribune.

Progress Impeded.

First Member—Mrs. De Streak didn't have her way at the dress reform meeting this afternoon, did she? Second Member—No; her gown fitted her so tightly that she couldn't make a motion.—Puck.

Egotistical.

Blobbs—What an egotistical fellow Talkalot is! When you are with him he expects you to be all ears. Slobbs—Yes; and you find him to be all "I's."—Philadelphia Record.

Judgment.

Never judge a town by the size of the type with which its name is printed on the map of a railroad that doesn't pays through it.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Assist yourself and heaven will assist you.—Latin Proverb.

An Explanation.

"How in blazes did the compositor happen to head my foreign travel letter with the words 'Foreign Drivel?'"

"I don't know. Perhaps he read it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Sponges are great germ collectors. They should be scalded out thoroughly every little while.

Found Guilty

We have been found guilty by the citizens of Smethport of keeping

Fine Groceries

The evidence of thousands of customers was too strong. We're guilty and we're proud of it. If you are a customer of ours you know how good our Groceries are. If you are not, send us an order. We will fill it to your entire satisfaction.

Swift's Pride Soap a Specialty

Oscar Engstrom.

Dealer in

Groceries and Provisions.

G. H. DENNING

MEATS

FRESH and SALT.

FISH

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Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

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Sheridan Gorton,
ATTORNEY AT LAW. All legal business given prompt attention.
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ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW. All legal business promptly and carefully attended to. Office over Hamlin's Bank, Smethport, Pa.

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—PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON—
Office in Drug Store.
Calls answered promptly day or night.
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Office and Residence in Clark Block, Smethport, Pa., Office Hours, 8 to 10 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m.

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Office and Residence over Lemmler's harness shop.
Day or Night Calls promptly attended to.

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ROBERT HAMILTON, M. D., C. M.
Office hours—8 to 9 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m. Office and residence, Hamilton Block, second floor, Smethport, Pa.

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WRIGHT HOUSE,
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
DODGE & SHERBURNE, Prop.
F. L. SHERBURNE, Mgr.
This hostelry is newly overhauled and renovated; its rooms are light and airy; its tables well supplied with delicacies and its bar well stocked.

RAND-CENTRAL HOTEL,
JAMES McGUIRE, Prop'r.
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.,
This hotel has recently been renovated and refurnished. The table and bar constantly supplied with the best the market affords. First-class in every respect. Rates reasonable.

COMMERCIAL HOUSE,
T. H. PURTLE, Prop.
125 Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
Refitted, repainted and refurnished throughout. The COMMERCIAL is complete in all its arrangements. I am prepared to cater to the wants of the general public. Give me a call.

Kodol

For Dyspepsia and Indigestion

If you Suffer from Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Gas on the Stomach, Belching, Sour Stomach, Heart-burn, etc., a little Kodol will Relieve you almost Instantly

Kodol supplies the same digestive juices that are found in a healthy stomach. Being a liquid, it starts digestion at once.

Kodol not only digests your food, but helps you enjoy every mouthful you eat.

You need a sufficient amount of good, wholesome food to maintain strength and health.

But, this food must be digested thoroughly, otherwise the pains of indigestion and dyspepsia are the result.

When your stomach cannot do its work properly, take something to help your stomach. Kodol is the only thing that will give the stomach complete rest.

Why? Because Kodol does the same work as a strong stomach, and does it in a natural way.

So, don't neglect your stomach. Don't become a chronic dyspeptic. Keep your stomach healthy and strong by taking a little Kodol. You don't have to take Kodol all the time. You only take it when you need it.

Kodol is perfectly harmless.

Our Guarantee

Go to your druggist today and get a dollar bottle. Then after you have used the entire contents of the bottle if you can honestly say that it has not done you any good, return the bottle to the druggist and he will refund your money without question or delay. We will then pay the druggist. Don't hesitate, all druggists know that our guarantee is good. This offer applies to the large bottle only and to but one in a family. The large bottle contains 2½ times as much as the fifty cent bottle.

Kodol is prepared at the laboratories of E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago.

Sold by H. O. Wells, Smethport, and F. H. Reed, Clermont.